TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I can well remember when I wondered why the newspapers gave so much space to the synod, the assembly, the conference and other religious courts. It seemed to me exceedingly dry reading except for those concerned in the management of the denominations referred to. Now I think it exceedingly interesting reading, as in it I find the tendencies of religious bodies well defined and there can be no more instructive a study. The speaking in these denominational congresses, which during the past week have been so numerous, is always good, and the utterances are as thoughtful as we can find elsewhere, though if we look for unselfishness, spiritual-mindedness or a giving up of everything for the sake of the cause they have espoused, disappointment will meet us in nearly every instance. We must, of course, remember that these annual meetings are of a business character and can not hope to find the spiritual side of our religious leaders uppermost. I imagine, however, that even the most charitable reader must be impressed by what seems to me the central fact of these assemblies, and that is that preaching is a business. We speak of the church and medicine and law as professions. I do not know why except that each has an ethical code which cannot be violated with impunity, and yet each is so indistinct in its provisions that only those who wander in the most conspicuous and forbidden paths are apparently detected and punished.

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The medical fraternity has recently had a convention in which it was made apparent that doctors who advertise their skill and vaunt the excellence of their remedies in large and forbidden type are held to be quacks, yet we all know this does not prevent quackery nor include the quiet offences which have built up many lucrative practices among the straightest and most orthodox sects of physicians. Lawyers too are supposed to have great repugnance to everything which savors of self-glorification and they are presumed to advise their clients to keep out of law suits and avoid all litigation which is not absolutely necessary to the preservation of physical and financial safety or the retention of such rights as they feel to be essential to their happiness. In the case of the clerical profession, however, the written and unwritten code is much more stringent, indeed it is something which every man who supports a church and reverences the spiritual teacher creates for himself. In the first place the ideal which religious humanity endeavors to live up to is a divine one, and I imagine that many lay followers have become hopeless because they have felt themselves incapable of following, even afar off, the perfect pattern which has been given to us and have in the recklessness of despair abandoned even the good which they might do because they feel incapable of accomplishing the to them impossible things which are expected of them.

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The carnal-minded watch with critical eyes the incomings and outgoings of those who profess christianity. Their failings are apt to be magnified, while the good they do is held to be nothing more than a partial fulfilment of their profession. The wicked, who make no endeavor to live an ideal life, doubtless do much which is in itself good and for this they get undue credit because they make no profession. The professed christian however, whose life is much better and whose good deeds are infinitely more numerous, in some instances at least, is thus made to appear cheap and pretentious in comparison with examples which may be selected from among the unsanctified. We do well to remember that in comparisons of this sort the worst of the professed christians are taken as a sample of what the church is composed of and the best of the worldlings as a sample of what the unconverted class is composed of. Of course the worst christian should be better than the best worldling, yet it is indefensible to judge the classes by a comparison of the best of one with the worst of the other. Bearing the injustice of such comparisons in mind we can see how much everyone has been led to expect of the clergy. Looking at them as the leaders of the good and censors of the bad we are apt to forget the frailties of human nature in thus exalting the office of a religious teacher and expect to find the occupant of it a worthy imitator and follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene who was God as well as man.

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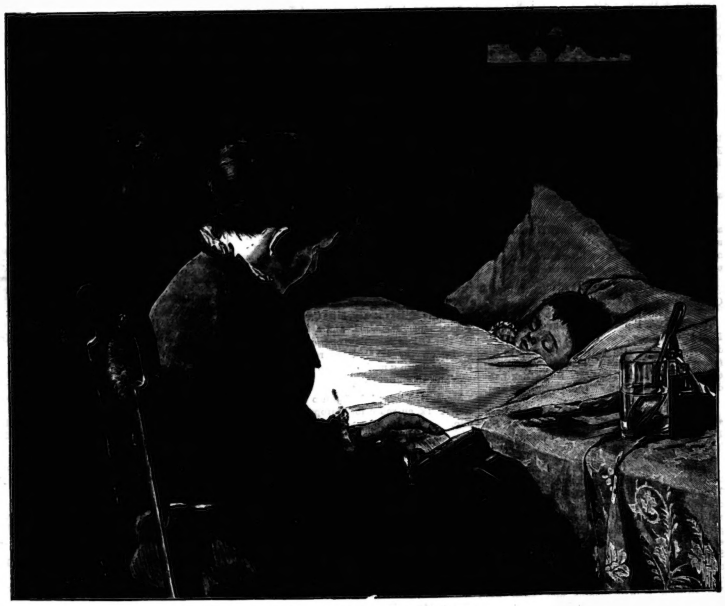
As a matter of fact I do not believe that ministers of the gospel are any better than the average of the whole class of professing christians. There are many things in their work and manner of life which have a tendency to indulgence in little concealments and pretensions, and we must all realize that anything which is not candid and sincere is base alloy. So much is expected of clergymen and such disappointment and even contempt is manifested when the parson fails to fill the bill of virtues which has been made out for him, that many of the weaker clerical brethren have been led to profess the virtues they lack and to affect a piety which is not entirely real. This sort of thing has produced, as we all know, an unmanly sort of man, whose mouth is filled with scriptural phrases, a person ready in season and out of season to administer rebuke and admonition, a man thoughtless of the feelings and failings of others, uncharitable and narrow-minded, lifted up by his importance, ready to defend evil in those who are of use to him, hot-footed in pursuit of the devil when his satanic majesty is afar off, complimentary when he is a pew holder. Worse still, the poor pay which is the average emolument of a preacher has discouraged the brighter minds from entering the ministry as a profession, thus causing a preponderance of mediocrity which has been forced to supplement the meagre salary by the "ten per cent. off to clergymen." Nothing has ever diminished the self-respect of preachers and the respect of their following more than this billetting of the Lord's lieutenants on the children of sin. Religious people in this way encourage their pastors to seek to get ten per cent. of their pay out of those who have had no advantage of their teaching. Dissenting sects which were clamorous against any connection between church and state expected their spiritual advisers to insist upon this ten per cent. off and the poor beggarly preacher either had to do it or starve. Their salaries were so small that donation parties and gifts given in the most vulgar and insulting way had to be accepted by the unhappy man who had consented to become a teacher of the people. The church member was in olden times, and it is still the case quite frequently, not slow to remind the preacher of the liberal subscription he had made towards his salary. Then, too, when in pursuance of his duty the minister of the gospel rebuked sin from the pulpit he was made to feel that the sinners' money bought just as much bread as pious money, that if he did what was right he would have to wear his shiny coat and baggy trousers just that much longer. These conditions are, to a certain extent, still extant, though in the cities one sees less of the repulsive and money-gathering features of religion than in rural p'aces, where a dollar looks as big as a barn, and a moral obligation is felt to be the last thing to be fulfilled—something to be put off until debts collectible by law are all paid and a balance left in hand.



THE ANXIOUS HOUR.

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I pity the preacher, his mission is so great, his message so noble, while those who pretend to support him are often so little, their impulses so ignoble. I am speaking of the majority, not of the select and glorious few. The poor parson is battered around as if he were a public slave, and if he refuses to be the football of the people he is sneered at as forgetful of his mission, though I fail to find any scriptural precedent in which Christ permitted himself to be the slave of his followers. I am thoroughly in sympathy with the able, good and self-sacrificing men who are preaching God's word, and it is because I esteem them and am sorry I am not as good as they are, or ought to be, that I have so much to say about them. I would like to see them, to a much greater extent, the leaders of public opinion than they are, than, I am sorry to say, they deserve to be, loaded down as they are with the burdens imposed upon them. I would like to see them so strong in their opinions, so perfect in their self-respect, so impregnable in their honest convictions, that they could afford to battle with evil, superstition and bigotry as they should. If it were generally recognized that preaching is a business—a profession, if you prefer the word—the people would not be so exacting as they are, the clergy would not be as pretentious, and, I say it with due respect to all, as hypocritical as they are. There are many businesses which are not good, though they are legal. Selling whisky is one of them. On the other hand there are many professions which are in themselves noble, where the opportunities of doing good are great, which should be attractive to the best and purest men, because of the good which can be accomplished. High above them all stands the ministry of the gospel with its sacrifices, hardships, and its oftentimes wounding criticism. I would like to see it more worthily manned.

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In an informal meeting of the lay members of the Toronto Methodist Conference, Mr. Joseph Tait, M. P. P., is reported as having said that "Methodism is more heavily burdened by priest-craft than any other denomination." Another report puts his words as follows: "I have been more and more surprised to find, on reflection, what an amount of priest-craft we have to the square foot in the Methodist church. We Methodists are more burdened by the over-grown authority of our ministers than any other body of Protestants." These reports, while not giving his remarks in the same words, are almost identical in their meaning and the Conference is much disturbed and many acrimonious speeches have been made in consequence. I think Brother Tait is very nearly right. We sometimes pity Roman Catholics because they are priest-ridden, but I am doubtful if their lives and general tastes are as much interfered with by their clergy as are the lives and impulses of the members of the Methodist Church. It is held that this interference is justified by the preacher's mission. It must be remembered, however, that the Catholic priesthood makes the same defence. In no city on this continent, as far as my acquaintanceship goes, is priest-craft so prevalent or influential as in Toronto. Yet what can the clergy show as the result of their interference with public affairs? We have a quiet Sunday, it is true, and the street cars are not permitted to run, thus making the poor walk, while the rich and those who have the money to spend may hire a rig and ride. We are not a more temperate and moral people than the inhabitants of other cities of similar size and made up of the same law-abiding elements. Our goodness is very much of a superficial sort, and the great boast of our observance of the Lord's Day makes many of those who are so proud of it forgetful of our shortcomings in other respects. While I thoroughly believe in churches and the proper teaching of the inspired truth to the people, I am strongly opposed to clericalism, and it matters not to me whether that clericalism is of the Catholic or Protestant sort. Indeed, if I were to make a choice between the two, I believe I would prefer the domination of the cosmopolitan priest to that of the parish pastor.

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In their Synod the Anglican clergy have been discussing prohibition and by a majority have affirmed their belief that any legislation that is in advance of public sentiment leads to a dishonoring of the law and retards the attainment of the object which it seeks to promote. The Scott Act was cited as a proof of this contention, but no thinking person needs proof of so self-evident a proposition. For instance, it is well known that the poor, who are often unable to support and educate their children, have larger families than their wealthier neighbors who are capable of properly rearing their progeny. If a law were passed prohibiting any one from bringing into this world a larger family than he could support would it be observed? If the penalty of disregarding such an enactment were to be the separation of husband and wife would it be conducive to morality? I think it will be readily recognized that such an interference would bring about a most shocking state of affairs, and that the object aimed at would be, at the same time, defeated. We can no more hope to force people to be sober by act of Parliament than we can expect to control their conduct in such other directions as might suggest themselves as desirable. It is properly held that interferences of this sort would be an unjustifiable trespass upon the rights of the citizen, though restrictive measures may make temptation less frequent and dangerous. The Anglican clergy, perhaps more than any others, recognize the folly of intrusion upon the domain of personal liberty. They may not be as energetic in revival services as many might desire, but they at least cause the general observer to esteem them as manly men, and it seems to me that the first aim of a clergyman should be to be a gentleman in the broadest acceptation of the word. I am sorry to believe that so many of those who preach the Word fail in this respect, thereby lowering the dignity of their office and losing the esteem of those to whom their life should be an attraction.

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Talking about priest-craft, the Methodist Conference has unanimously agreed to the establishment of an order of deaconesses. They hold that so much good has been accomplished by religious communities in other bodies that they should imitate the self-sacrifice of such communities as have been hitherto held as Romish. Papistical notions of this sort are pervading the Anglican church, but I didn't expect to see the Methodist church captured at so early a date. As I have frequently pointed out in these columns modern religionists are becoming more and more seized with the idea of being religious by proxy. The preacher is expected to be religious for the whole congregation. The Sunday school is now recognized as an institution to relieve parents of the task of teaching their children the scriptures and those spiritual lessons which in an idle way parents believe necessary to their well-being as citizens and the ultimate salvation of their souls. Prayer-meeting has become the place to pray and the exhortation, "When thou prayest enter into thy closet and shut to the door" is too often unheeded. With public opinion in this condition it is not surprising that our Methodist brethren have observed that self-sacrifice and ministration to the wants of the poor, the sick and the afflicted have fallen into desuetude. The proposed remedy is not a greater devotion of church members to those tasks, but the organization of a band of deaconesses who are to be self-sacrificing, and thus self-sacrifice is to be made by proxy. I have no doubt the deaconesses will do all they can, but I am not convinced they will be able to balance the account in God's great ledger where only personal devotion to the cause of humanity is entered as an asset of the sinner. If we are to follow out this plan it would be wise for every denomination to organize a band of temperance apostles who could be temperate for the entire sect so that the balance of the brethren may overeat and overdrink themselves, feeling confident that the cause of abstinence is being attended to by those specialists set apart for the task. Other orders might be established with vows of poverty so that our wealthy Christians who are not particular as to the means they adopt of enlarging their store, may feel satisfied that self-sacrifices of this sort are not being neglected. Within the clergy itself strict religious orders might be established that the most austere virtues of the ministry may be preserved, from kissing, land speculation, sordid horse trading, colonization societies and the many devices of the Evil One, which are said to lure some of our most eloquent pastors from the straightest and most narrow way. If we are to recognize this principle of being good by proxy, there should be no humbug about it. Let the object be well understood, and Protestantism will yield up its mighty dollar in subscriptions which are to procure the indulgence of the modern papacy. The sooner we get down to absolute honesty in this matter, the sooner may shuffling and pretentious humbug be abandoned for a straight bargain and sale. It is easier to get money than it is to become good, and when it is generally understood that absolution from the duties of Christian citizenship are purchasable, the better, because then people won't be so stingy or half-hearted in their payments.

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Rev. Dr. Langtry has proposed in the Synod that the Government be memorialized to empower all denominations to establish Separate Schools, so that godliness, which is not taught at home or in the churches with sufficient zeal to protect us from vice and commercial profligacy, may be inculcated by irreligious men and women, and the pupils having passed their examinations in readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic may add a fourth R of religion. This is the proxy business gone mad. How near to the stately and historical church of Rome we have drifted. When I read the reports of these church courts I begin to wonder what the Reformation was for and I am thankful that I am theoretically sufficiently well established in the "faith once for all delivered to the saints" to prevent the present "confusion of tongues" and the evident tendency of the leading Protestant denominations of to-day from bearing me on the tide into the arms of the mother church. If the Reformation was simply to reform the Church of Rome it has been more or less of a success; if it were to establish God's inspired Word as the "only rule of faith and practice" it has been a failure. In our legislation in this province, and, indeed, throughout the whole Dominion, the tendency has been to re-establish religion as the duty of selected persons set apart for the purpose and the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice has been widened to include the proxy idea, together with formal goodness—a goodness which is sure to kill out the real thing.

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Sunday schools were first established for the religious education of the poor and vicious. Now they are for the religious education of everybody and parents neglect the task which is one of their chief duties. They are not regardful of what their children are taught and it is quoted as an evidence of the broadness of the age that people of one denomination often send their children to popular Sunday schools of another sect. Charity was once the duty of all; a duty made difficult by the necessity of examining into the necessities of the applicants, a duty which was perhaps not well fulfilled. Now organized charity is made to relieve the public of the necessity of doing anything but subscribe a certain amount annually. Many other things could be quoted to show a marked socialistic tendency in everything except the getting and keeping of money. The whole aspect of public opinion in this connection is worthy of serious thought. It is certainly true that those functions which have done most to elevate and purify the individual are being delegated to organizations, while that which most degrades and makes hard and sordid the human soul is being retained by the individual. If we are to have socialism let us have its better phases as well as its worst ones. If we are to continue the *regime* of individualism let us not discard its noble features while embracing its ignoble ones.

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One of our judges has ruled that when property passes into the hands of a corporation exempt from taxation, it escapes all local improvement rates. This establishes the fact that real estate speculators who hope to hold property for a number of years in order to obtain a profitable advance, must make religion their bulwark. The real estate and investment companies of this city should add to their directorate a few clergymen and establish schools and religious communities, and their dividends would thereby be doubled.

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Cholera is spreading in Spain and pessimists fear the truth of the prediction that *la grippe* would be followed by this scourge. It would not hurt us in Toronto if we paid some attention to our sanitary arrangements. Some of the back lanes and narrow streets of Toronto are the breeding places of pests.

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Since I last wrote, the appointment of ex-Provincial Treasurer A. M. Ross has become a fact. Another of Mowat's henchmen has thus been given a municipal pension which the City of Toronto and the citizens of York will have to pay. It is bad enough to pension these hacks on the province, but when they are pitch-forked into positions against the will of the community which will have to pay them

the scandal is increased and the protest against the system should be intensified.

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I am glad to see that the *World* has adopted a platform which I have been urging for the past ten years—the election by municipalities of their own servants for a term of years instead of for life: and the reform of the system which makes their emoluments much greater than recompenses them for services performed. The *World* makes a protest, too, against the men who are in politics for the sake of the salary instead of for the public good. It quotes A. M. Ross, John Small, M.P., and Mayor Clarke, M.P.P., as instances of men whose ambition seems to be the holding of lucrative offices. I think with regard to the latter the *World* is too severe. So long as a man holds an elective office by fair means he must be considered the choice of the people. It is only when a man becomes possessed of the idea that he has an inalienable right to a lucrative salary that he should be characterized as an office-hunter—a barnacle—who believes that because he was born and has crept into a public place he must be pensioned for the balance of his life upon the people. A. M. Ross has proved himself to be this sort of a man. John Small and E. F. Clarke may do so, but we should believe them to be public spirited until the opposite is shown to be the case.

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I am glad to notice by the newspapers that our coming carnival is now receiving a proper amount of publicity. The activity shown by the committees indicates a general resolution to make our summer fete worthy of Toronto. The military parades will delight the hearts of those who love to see our soldiers arrayed in the panoply of war. On the bay there will be a carnival which no other city in America can excel. The opening event, the promenade concert on Jarvis street, will be one of the most memorable features of the week, as a large amount of money will be expended by the city in illumination and bands, and the residents, who are mostly people of considerable means and public spirit, will doubtless contribute still more liberally in the way of illuminating houses and lawns. It is estimated that a hundred thousand people will throng the street on that night. This estimate may be doubled. I feel quite sure the city will hardly contain the visitors who will be attracted, and it is to be hoped none of them will go away dissatisfied.

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Mons. Mercier has been returned to power in Quebec with an increased majority. All that is needed to cap the climax of successes achieved by the combination of the hierarchy and Liberal party is the victory of the Hon. Mr. Laurier and his followers in the Dominion. But they have Sir John's shrewd old head to meet and it will be too much for them and no such combination can be made against him. He holds too many of the wires himself. By-the-way, there will be rather hard medicine for some of Sir John's followers to take at the general elections, but the fear that Laurier would be but a repetition of Mowat and Mercier will consolidate the Conservatives long before voting day.

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A great deal of newspaper comment has been excited by the announcement that Mr. Edward Farrer, who has for the past four or five years been recognized as the editorial brains of the *Mail*, has made an arrangement whereby the said brains are to direct the editorial policy of the *Globe*. There is no doubt that Mr. Farrer is mentally better equipped for editorial work than any other man on the daily press. Indeed he has few peers in America, and not only in Canada is his ability recognized, but in New York his pen would find ready employment on the best journals of that great city. Fortunately, perhaps, for him he is not encumbered with strong personal opinions, and is quite as ready to write on one side of a question as the other. He belongs to the school of journalists who hold that, like a lawyer who will take a brief from either the plaintiff or the defendant, an editor has no more serious responsibility than to present the case of his employer as effectively as possible, and that having concluded the argument, it should excite no comment if to-morrow he appears for another client and demolishes everything he says to-day. I do not hold this opinion myself, and it seems to me that a newspaper loses a certain amount of its power which employs men who are well known to be heedless of the result of their argument so long as they draw a good salary and are not made personally responsible for their opinion. It is true, however, that every man on a newspaper must sink his preferences, and that thus the opinion expressed is not that of any man but of the newspaper itself. The proprietor of a newspaper is not in the same position. The people and the law itself insist on holding him accountable for the opinions expressed, no matter whether he is cognisant of them or not. Thus it is established that it is the opinion of the proprietor or proprietors and not that of the writer which must be consistent. Though time may change the aspect of public affairs, a new light may shine in dark places and the treachery or unprincipled conduct of old allies may force a newspaper to take new ground, the ignorant and thoughtless cannot overlook what they deem to be inconsistent. It is the same with those who write over a *nom de plume* or their own signature. They are held forever responsible for every word they pen. It is for this reason that I have always advocated signed articles in newspapers. It would relieve the proprietor of very much responsibility and would make the writer more careful as to the righteousness of his cause and the moderateness of his expression. As things stand the many able and stinging things which Mr. Farrer has written concerning the aggression of the Catholic church cannot be made to bear witness against him when he next endeavors to prove that Roman Catholics are really badly treated and denied liberties which they ask. Instead of this the *Mail*, which may have taken its present attitude on his advice and relying on his support, must go on and make the best fight they can, bearing the burden and accepting the consequences.

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On Saturday the electors will have an opportunity of saying whether the city shall take over the franchise of the Street Railway Company. No matter what disposition of it is afterwards made this exceedingly valuable franchise should once more become the property of the city. In re-adjusting the management of this lucrative enterprise the transportation of passengers through our streets will be made to yield us very large profits and it must have impressed everybody that we should have control of the highways which are now in such a miserable condition, partially at least owing to the fact that so large a section of them is under the management of a private corporation.

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Last year I, together with a number of others, asked for subscriptions for the Children's Fresh Air fund, and I take the liberty of asking you for another donation towards giving the babies of the poor and unfortunate a day's outing. Last summer over three thousand little ones were given a day of enjoyment in the country, and it is to be hoped that the committee will be financially able to nearly double the amount of pleasure given to the helpless offsprings of want. The whispering woods and murmuring waters express the voice of Deity, the green grasses and the flowers tell of the beauties He has designed for us, and we must remember that those who are imprisoned by poverty never hear the voices of nature which repeat Christ's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." When we see the poor little tots who run bare-footed and ragged through our streets without kind voices to hush them to sleep or tender hands to minister to their wants, they certainly are not suggestive of that purity, that freedom from taint of vice which we consider necessary to a place in the Father's house in which are many mansions. When we know how little would make them happier and purer, how a little kindness will lead them upwards, it is the duty of everyone to do something towards the bettering of their condition. If you cannot personally help these little ones you can send a subscription either directly to J. J. Kelso, the secretary of the fund, 103 Bay street; to Mayor Clarke, who will receive subscriptions at the City Hall; to Mr. Edward Taylor, relief officer, City Hall; to Mrs. Johnston, corner King and John streets; or to myself at SATURDAY NIGHT office. I will acknowledge all amounts received.

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Social and Personal.

Sir Alexander Campbell is contemplating a trip to England and will probably sail on June 25. Miss Campbell will pay a visit to friends in Halifax.

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Mrs. Mayo (Edward Garrett), the English authoress, was in the city this week.

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The musical fete and promenade concert in aid of the Protestant Orphans' Home was a most pleasing success, owing to the energetic management of the ladies interested. An extended account will be given in the next issue.

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Miss Schreiber of Ottawa is the guest of Miss Campbell at Government House.

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Hon. M. W. Elphinstone, youngest son of Lord Elphinstone, was in town for a couple of days last week. He was on his way to his father's large farm at Virden, Man., and was the guest of his relative, Mr. Stair Dick-Lauder of the Albany club.

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Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, who has been at Chestnut Park since the absence of Sir David and Lady Macpherson, has returned home for the summer.

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The At Home at the Argonaut Club Rooms last Saturday afternoon was a decided success. The rooms were thronged with guests in spite of the rain which insisted upon making things a little disagreeable. Among the ladies were noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell, who wore a suit of dark brown and a black hat; Miss Strange's gown and hat were of sage green; the Misses Meredith wore white lawn costumes with embroidery trimmings; Miss Wadsworth, mauve delaine and sailor hat with white and gold ribbon; Miss Lockhart, a dress of white and brown check, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon, and a toque of brown velvet and pink blossoms; Miss Gertrude Lockhart, green gown and white sailor hat; Mrs. H. Ellis, rose pink cashmere, black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Boultbee, electric blue satin, bonnet to match; Mrs. James Crowther, pale green delaine with white vest, toque of green velvet and white roses; Mrs. Bromley Davenport, gray gown with trimmings of silver embroidery and small hat of black tulle and forget-me-nots; Miss Small, navy blue with white vest, turban of navy blue and white illac; Miss Sibyl Seymour, navy blue and white, with white sailor hat; Miss Cameron, mauve and black velvet, large black hat; Miss Milligan, green velvet and cashmere with steel embroidery, small hat to match. Among others present were Mrs. Arkle, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Drummond, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and the Misses Cawthra, Mrs. Cameron, Miss Mulock, Miss Lamport and many others.

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An At Home was given at Tintagel Thursday evening.

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The private musicale held at Cedarhurst, Friday evening of last week, was a brilliant success. The whole entertainment had been most carefully planned and most delightfully carried out. The prettily-arranged lawn with its clumps of trees, was illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The dainty swinging lights must have added witching beauty to the dusky grounds, for the light of the following day revealed chairs in groups of two proving that men and maidens had listened to music and rested from dancing in the charming half-light. Mrs. Blackstock's beautiful home was well-arranged for the evening's pleasure, the large drawing-room being changed into an auditorium with two pianos against a background of ferns and palms. Seats for ninety were placed at the rear and also in the dining-room and hall, while the library was robbed of its cozy furnishings to make room for the refreshments which were served there during the evening.

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The guests drove at once to the side entrance, descending into the front hall a few moments later in charming evening toilettes. Mrs. Blackstock wore a simple gown of white muslin, with long sleeves and high bodice and pearl and diamond ornaments. Miss Campbell was in pale blue tulle; Mrs. Allan wore a trained gown of black silk; Mrs. Nordheimer, violet velvet with orchids and diamonds; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white silk and diamonds; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, black crepe du chine; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, sage green and pale pink [with diamond ornaments; Mrs. McMaster's gown was of black Spanish lace and her jewels were diamonds; Miss Bunting's dress was a pale blue net; Mrs. Blake wore black silk and point lace; Mrs. Cosby, black silk and jet; Mrs. Moss, black silk and white lace; Mrs. Yarker, black velvet and pointe du chesse; Mrs. Mulock, black silk with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Downing, pale pink China silk; Mrs. Mackelcan wore yellow silk and crepe and a gold fillet in her hair; Mrs. Albert Gooderham's gown was of white silk with white jet and diamond ornaments; the Misses Beatty wore black tulle and jet dresses; Mrs. Clare Fitzgibbon, yellow brocade, with trimmings of yellow embroidery; Mrs. Melfort Boulton's gown was black, with natural flowers.

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After the musicale, nearly eighty remained for the dance programme, which was inaugurated as soon as the drawing-room could be cleared. The dancing was followed by supper, and the revellers departed from the most delightful musicale ever given in Toronto.

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I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street and Judge Finkle of Woodstock will probably sail for England next week. Mrs. Blackstock goes on to Berlin and Vienna to make some musical arrangements for next winter.

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Mrs. Beatty of Queen's Park gave a delightful At Home yesterday.

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Miss Maggie Perry, formerly of Toronto and now of Lakewood, N. Y., is spending a few days in the city, as is also her fiancee the young German, Baron Loos.

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Mr. and Mrs. McCloud of St. John, New Brunswick, have been at the Queen's this week. They have proved valuable acquisitions to society during their stay here.

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Mrs. Jack McMurrich of Oswego is spending a month with her mother on Cecil street.

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Mrs. J. K. Kerr welcomed a number of friends to dinner on Friday evening last.

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Mr. Powers of New York, who sang at Mrs. Blackstock's musicale last week, is not only a much-praised vocalist, but as well a decided social favorite.

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Mrs. J. K. Kerr gave a large riding party on Saturday last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. McCloud of St. John.

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A yachting party comprised of Mrs. Blackstock, the Misses Beaty, Miss Cawthra, Messrs. Gooderham, Blackstock and a few others, left on the Oriole last Saturday afternoon for a cruise on the lake. They returned Sunday evening, having made the trip from Niagara in two and a half hours.

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Mr. J. B. Young left Toronto on June 17 for New York, en route for Europe, on a holiday trip.

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On Tuesday last Mrs. Frank Arnoldi and Mrs. C. T. Whitney entertained a few of their friends at the residence of Mr. Frank Arnoldi of North street. The event was to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the weddings of Mrs. Arnoldi and Mrs. Whitney. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. M. Temple, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Miss Temple, Mrs Hodgins, the Misses Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Miss Baldwin, Miss Turner.

•

Mr. J. T. Johnston, so well-known to newspaper men, has returned home after a couple of months in the old lands across the sea. He says that our streets made him feel a little bit ashamed when he thought of the thoroughfares of London and Paris, but the green trees in our streets, the lake and sense of freedom made him feel like taking off his hat and giving three cheers for dear old Toronto. No place like Toronto.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Booth of Huron street sailed from New York, on June 7, for Southampton, and intend spending the next three months visiting the principal cities of England, France and Germany.

•

Mrs. Robert Cochrane of 39 Cecil street left town on Wednesday for a three months' trip to Europe.

•

Miss Ethel Horrocks went to Peterboro' today to spend a fortnight with friends.

•

Mrs. W. C. B. Rathbun of Deseronto is visiting her father, Mr. J. L. Blaikie of 99 Bloor street west.

•

Mrs. Charles Riordan and family of the Queen's Park have gone to St. Catharines to spend the summer.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Small go to Europe in the beginning of July on a holiday trip.

•

Mrs. Joseph W. Beatty of Huron street is visiting Mrs. R. W. Connolly of Dunnville, Ont.

•

Mrs. George S. C. Bethune has gone to Europe for the summer.

•

Miss Grace Spratt is staying with her sister, Mrs. Fuller, at Woodstock.

•

Mr. John Catto's name is another that may be added to the long list of Torontonians that have gone to Europe for the hot season.

•

Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont sail for Europe directly after the closing of their school.

•

Miss Widder of Goderich is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Bloor street west.

•

A most delightful impromptu dance was given on Friday, June 15, by Mrs. George Evans of Grange avenue, for her niece, Miss Kathleen Evans of Simcoe, who is spending a few weeks with her. Among those present were the Misses Powel, Mr. J. Macdonald of Dunnville, Mr. H. and Miss Minty, Miss Ellerby, Mr. Barrett, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Mr. Schultz of London, Miss L. Ellerby, Mr. G. Minty, Miss Gertie Lewis, Mr. Shirley. Miss Dennison, Mr. C. Evans, Mr. A. and Miss M. Evans and others.

•

From Calgary comes the news of wedding rites solemnized on June 11, in the Church of St. Mary. The contracting parties were May E. Francis and Staff-Sergt. Frederick Augustus Bagley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Blais, O.M.I. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Francis, and Staff-Sergt. Du Chesny acted as groomsman. After the ceremony the wedding party and guests were entertained at the home of the bride's mother, and later Mr. and Mrs. Bagley left for Banff by the evening train, carrying with them merrily-voiced good wishes.

•

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday last in St. Stephen's church, when Lydia Hyle Ireland, eldest daughter of Mr. J. H. Ireland, was wedded to Arthur L. Eastmure. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Broughall, rector, assisted by Rev. R. J. Moore, rector of St. Margaret's. The bride, who was given away by her father, was crowned in cream faille trimmed with Honiton lace and tulle. She wore a veil and a coronet of orange blossoms, carrying a loose nosegay of bridal roses. The bridesmaids, Misses Eastmure and Charlotte Ireland, wore dove-colored gowns with cream hats and gloves and carried bouquets of cream and crimson rose-buds. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents and shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Eastmure began their wedding journey, which is a trip through the Maritime Provinces. They will reside, upon their return, at 110 Pembroke street.

•

The invited guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Irving H. Cameron, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Harry Darling, Dr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mr. Wilmer Strathy, Mr. Wynder Strathy, the Misses Strathy, Mr. J. G. Riordon, Mrs. Riordon, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. William Weld, the Misses Weld, Mr. L. E. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. George Stanway, Mr. and Mrs. Ira B. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. M. Paulett Thompson, Mr. A. G. Lightbourn, Mr. F. J. Lightbourn, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Broughall, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. John Burton, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. J. H. Webster, Mr. Gerald E. Hart of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gibb of Como, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lee David of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Isaacson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dyle of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. W. J. Ireland and Mr. and Mrs. Ireland of Tewkesbury, Gloucester, England; Mr. J. W. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Eastmure, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Odell of Sherbrooke, Que.; Mr. J. H. Holl of Quebec; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Renfrew, Miss Renfrew and Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Odell of Burlington; Mr. J. Van Morgan of London, England.

•

Mrs. Michie and the Misses Michie entertained a few friends last Wednesday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Miss N. Hamilton, Miss Richardson, Mr. E Switzer, Miss J. Hudson, Mr. Ward, Mr. F. and the Misses Mason, Miss S. Cross of Ottawa and Mr. Henderson.

•

The Toronto Canoe Club hold their spring regatta at Centre Island this afternoon. Full particulars in next issue.

•

Mrs. Canniff of Peter street welcomed a large number of her daughter's fellow-students to a pleasurable dance on Friday evening last.

•

Messrs. Joe Potter and A. Fitler of Philadelphia spent Sunday last with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Davis of Pembroke street.

•

The Normal School closing took place last evening in the public hall of the Education Department.

•

Mrs. George Crawford of Church street gave a delightfully arranged party for her small daughter on Friday afternoon.

•

Mrs. Kerr of Sherbourne street welcomed a number of friends to an At Home on Wednesday last.

•

Mr. Hodder, R. N., a former resident of Toronto, paid a few days' visit to the city, while his ship lay at Halifax.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson, Miss Pearson and Miss Bee Pearson of Sherbourne Villa left the city on Saturday last for a trip through the Lower Provinces. They expect to enjoy a month's travel, returning by way of Boston and New York.

•

The closing exercises of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place on Friday evening in the assembly hall of the Church of the Redeemer.

•

The Ladies of St. Joseph Convent and many of those who were educated there will have a picnic at the country place of Mr. J. F. McLaughlin to-day.

•

The bazaar held at the residence of Mrs. McArthur of St. George street, for the benefit of the Sick Children's Hospital, netted forty-eight dollars. The names of those who assisted were the Misses Florence McArthur, Susie Leslie, Wilma Christie, Ethel Slocombe, Ethel Bilkey, Phila McLean and Edith Evans.

•

Purely Professional.

Mrs. Raceland Hanover (in tears).—O Race! Why are you so attentive to every woman you meet? I don't believe you love me any more! Mr. Hanover (soothingly).—Aw, let up on that now, Fanny. You are all right. Don't you know it's professional to take the field against the favorite!—*Puck.*

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Felice Paris

Hand-made, Perfect-fitting Gloves, in all the new gray tints. Send for Price List.

Millinery, Dressmaking, Corsets

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A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful whatchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Drawing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $1. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

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MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
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MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
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The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing a new and choice assortment of
Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.
Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

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Ever offered in the Dominion for $25. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size, which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

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CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

He Took it Plain.

Waiter—What would you be pleased to order, sir? We have *potage printanier, a la Julienne; fricandeau de veau avec croquettes des pommes de terre; risolles de bœuf.*

Diner—Yes—well, give us a plateful of whichever of them's nearest to Irish stew!

Boudoir Gossip.

What some people understand by "keeping house" is very amusing. A man who was finding much fault with the higher education of women, says with all the gravity of ignorance that they should instead learn to "keep house." It may be that the cooks and the housekeepers of the past did not understand much of the world of books, but it might be better for the mournful dyspeptics and the helpless cripple if they had been more learned.

Housekeeping is not a knack. It is a science. The more a woman knows of chemistry, physiology, hygiene and a dozen other of the pass course subjects, the better will she manage a home, control the kitchen and bar out disease.

Then, too, if women are educated they will look for a happiness above the accumulation of bonnets, and find true pleasure in some occupation less harmful than the slandering of their neighbors.

Give a woman a chance to study, to benefit herself and all who come within the radius of her influence by carefully gleaned knowledge. If she be the right kind of a woman, her home will be her first thought, and all her knowledge will be used to perfect it, while the home management and the home-life will far excel that of the ignorant woman who knows nothing of the salient laws of health and happiness.

*

One hot afternoon I was going up Sherbourne street in a car. Immediately opposite me sat a woman whose style of dress was decidedly above a whisper. The multitudinous details were rather difficult to get settled and she seemed to resent my determined effort to master the situation. This woman was the most vulgarly-dressed one I had seen for a length of time, and I made up my mind to commit her decorations to memory. The dress was light in color, and fashioned in an exaggerated style, with high puffed sleeves of velvet and collarless bodice. A pleating of velvet, and a smaller ruche of pink silk made her greasy, perspiring red face look more heated. A necklace of silver beads clasped her fat throat. Her arms were loaded with two very showy gold bracelets, and a pair of silk mitts enabled the most reckless observer to catch glimpses of thick ring-weighed fingers. The blazing jewels increased the size of the hand, and when it moved restlessly toying with a fan or fidgetting with a parasol, the vanity of the wearer became a conspicuous fact. At the neck three jewelled pins were stuck carelessly, and what eyesight was left after contemplating the rings and bracelets, was re-dazzled by the gems at the throat.

Beside this bedecked female sat a demure little home body, in a dark green gown, with simple linen at throat and wrists. A pair of neatly-fitting tan gloves, and a black hat with a tangle of lace and a cluster of pale blossoms for trimming. She looked dainty, stylish and well-bred beside this gaudy creature. Of course no sensible woman could imagine she looked well in such conspicuous apparel and ornaments, but I cannot understand how any sane woman could, and the great big mental "why" which fluttered around in my brain, has not yet been answered, while the interrogation points are increasing.

The rebellious contrariety of things has been particularly emphasized this last week in the matter of rain.

If one carries umbrella and waterproof, the clouds seem almost sure to part, while the little sunbeams dance derisively across your path. But leave the wet weather comforts home, and if you are not caught in a shower you may congratulate yourself every time.

*

Something dreadful will surely happen soon, for the old ideas and customs seem to be dying out. The latest scientific assertion is that women's feet are too small; and for a woman of five feet three, a boot numbered five and a half, is the correct thing.

*

Deep pointed guipure is used considerably for dress trimmings. Wash gowns are made plainly and decorated with the lace, forming a most effective combination of prettiness and cheapness.

*

The newest parasols are made of faille silk, perfectly plain. They match the gown in each instance, and are very elegant with their moderately long handles and fancy wooden or silver knobs.

*

In dressy summer gowns, the inclination is to veil bright colors with net and gauzy materials, while ribbons, buckles and feathers enter with increased favor into the schemes for decoration.

*

The *Pall Mall Budget* says: Some women seem to imagine that the spotted and striped shirts that are made for boating and rural wear are to be flaunted about in town. This is a serious mistake in taste. Shirts are considered very much out of place in London, and one would imagine that a woman had but to look at the neglige appearance of such a garment to realize that fact.

*

Of course you can "tell a newly married couple." I don't question your ability, but there is something wrong. Why will a woman wear such painfully new gloves and shoes, and dress so much less plainly than she has been accustomed to? The dear husband will be quite as proud of his bride if she will make an effort to save him the annoyance of seeing her stared at. It is the varnish of newness on the traveling costume which leads to most of the mischief, though the bland smile and the contented little giggle often assist in making things plain to onlookers. My candid opinion is, that a honeymoon spent quietly is in the best taste, and must be infinitely more pleasant, for what woman could enjoy the whispered guesses and sidelong looks accompanying speculations as to the age of her marriage certificate. The wedding journey is a humbug, and will, I suppose, continue to be perpetrated, until some woman with exceeding faith in the man she marries, will be content to barter a trip of which she is reasonably sure, for one in the distance, when her better-half shall have learned how to use the prohibitory negative, if it so suits his lordship's mind.

CLIP CAREW.

Had to Wait His Turn.

"Doctor, just an instant, please," exclaimed a caller at the office of a man of physic, as he caught sight of the physician disappearing into his private office.

"I'll see you shortly, sir," was the curt reply.

"But a second is all I want," persisted the caller.

"I'll see you directly, sir," with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception-room, read the afternoon paper, looked at the pictures, played with the dog. After thirty minutes or more had passed, the medicine man came out of his den, and with an air of condescension said to the visitor:

"Well, now, sir, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the reply, "I just dropped in to tell you that just before I called I saw a couple of men clearing your garden of those flowers you had put in yesterday; that's all."

Books to Match.

Dealer—Want some books for your library? Yes sir. What style would you like.

Mr. H. Fatt—Well, my shelves are maple and my tables mahogany and I'd like to get something to match 'em.

Racing.

What to wear when going to the race course is a question which will hardly bother the great army of race goers who go there merely for the horses or for betting alone.

But racing has become so much a fashionable amusement that it behooves the wise man who looks upon the race meetings not merely as speculative gatherings but social rendezvous to bestow upon his appearance that thought and consideration which would be required by a morning reception, or even the more elaborate surroundings of an evening assembly, and hence a few suggestions may not be out of place. Should the gentleman escort ladies, however, the rough and ready is absolutely prohibited and he must don either the morning otherwise known as the two or three button cutaway or better yet the frock or Prince Albert coat. The shooting coat with flaps and pockets may be worn by elderly gentlemen of pronounced position but it is not to be recommended to younger men. With either of these coats a fancy vest should be worn and here the element of color and design may be introduced to almost any extent. Such are the styles at present being made up of the very finest imported fabrics and of the very latest designs by the Fashionable West End Tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3 40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 50 cents each.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's Jewelry Store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock, a.m., and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

THE "PARISIAN PLAITING"

OR IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING.

We are prepared to plait skirts in the new "Parisian Plaiting" any length up to 48 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 25c.

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MEXICAN ART POTTERY

The pottery made at GUADALAJARA is more widely known than any other of Mexican manufacture. It is made of a peculiar kind of clay not found in any other part of the country, and water kept in it cools by the evaporation from the surface of that which passes through the sides of the vessel—an item of importance where ice cannot be had. From this circumstance the natives refer to it as la loza fria de Guadalajara—"the cold pottery of Guadalajara." The people who make it are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may really be called a race of potters. This pottery is soft baked, without glaze, but highly polished. The colors are gray, red and black, elaborately decorated in silver, gold and bright colors. I have just opened an assortment of this ware in Bottles, Cups, Plates, Mugs, &c.

Another package of BELLEEK to hand.

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THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

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is now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.

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From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York should visit our Parlors.

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Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleansed from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.

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The Hot Water Problem Solved

BY THE DANGLER PATENT HOT WATER HEATER

which, being connected with the boiling burners, heats the water whenever cooking is being done on them. As it is a part of the range, the same as in a coal or wood stove, the cost and inconvenience of a separate burner for water heating are entirely done away with. Undoubtedly one of the greatest improvements ever made in Gas Cooking Ranges.

We have also a complete stock of one, two, three and four burner Gas Stoves of the latest improved construction and finish.

Every range guaranteed to be a perfect success.

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CURLINE

DORENWEND'S

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties

Price 50 Cents

All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWEND

THE MANUFACTURER

Paris Hair Works,

103 and 105 Yonge Street

IT IS CERTAINLY A GREAT advantage to

LADIES

during the hot season to wear a becoming little Frontpiece. It saves trouble, time, and adds decidedly to the appearance. This cut represents an elegant little frontpiece (a la mode de Princesse de Galles). Made of best quality natural curly hair. Price $5. Will be sent on receipt of amount to any part of the Dominion or the United States. Ordinary Bangs of all styles, at $2.50, $3.50 and $4.50.

Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Easily, quickly and safely removed with MODENE solution. Price $1.50 and $2.50; sent by post 5c. extra. Agency—

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ISLAND

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HANLAN'S POINT

This fine Island Residence has been entirely refitted and refurnished for the season, and is under ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT. Terms reasonable. First class bill of fare, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests. Beautiful views of the Lake, Bay and City from all points. Boating facilities of the best. Single and double rooms for gentlemen. Special rates for families. For terms address—

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BURTON ALE

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Look—$1.20 per dozen delivered. Finest in the market.

F. P. BRAZIL & CO., Wine Merchants

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Armson & Stone.

PARASOLS---SPECIAL

BLOUSE WAISTS

Over 200 to choose from, at $2.95 and $3 75.

LESS THAN ACTUAL COST PRICE

Stylish Millinery

DIRECT IMPORTERS

212 YONGE STREET

SEWING SILK—ALL COLORS—A BIG bargain in 25 skeins. Knowing the great favor our customers would consider it if we let them have the advantages of a big trade, we bought a large lot awfully cheap. We selected the finest and most delicate silk tints the market affords. Every home in the land has a use for embroidery silk. The package silk is far inferior to skein, and costs much more. It will put you in a way to get money easily by your own work. We will send you a double 25-skein of this SILK, containing all colors, for only 25c. silver, and prepaid. Who ever heard of such a bargain?

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

GET READY FOR CAMPING

By laying in a stock of our choice camping goods, such as

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Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 73.

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For the PREVENTION and DESTRUCTION of MOTHS in FUR and WOOLEN GOODS. Cheaper than ordinary Camphor and much more effective.

DALMATIAN INSECT POWDER

PURE AND FRESHLY GROUND.

For the destruction of Insects of all kinds. For sale at

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge St., opp. Shuter St.

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Telephone 479. All orders promptly attended to.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

REMEMBER THAT

Morison's Great Reduction Sale of French Dress Goods,

Mantles, Jackets, Wraps, Ulsters, &c.

CONTINUES ALL THIS MONTH.

FINE FRENCH TWEEDS, sold at $1.10 and $1.20, now 80c.

FINE FRENCH TWEEDS, sold at $1, now 75c.

FINE FRENCH HENRIETTA CLOTHS, sold at $1, now 75c.

FINE FRENCH HENRIETTA CLOTHS, sold at 65c., now 45c.

COMBINATION SUITINGS (special), sold at $14, now $7.

Handsome lot of COMBINATION SUITINGS from $3 to $5, just half price.

JET CAPES AND WRAPS at $1.25, $1.75, $2, $2.50 up.

ELEGANT JET VISITES, from $4 to $8.

STREET JACKETS from $1.50.

TRAVELING ULSTERS, DUST CLOAKS, &c., from $3.

VISITORS to Toronto's Great Summer Carnival should not fail to call and inspect our stock. SPECIAL PRICES FOR CARNIVAL WEEK.

DRESSMAKING OUR SPECIALTY

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VI.

"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

When Callander reached his wife's room he made at once for the bed, where she lay upon her left side, with one white hand slightly clenched outside the clothes. He bent over her and looked intently into her face.

"She seems to sleep," he said hoarsely to nurse, who had followed him. "But," touching her hand, "she is quite cold."

"Ah! cold enough. Look, sir. Don't move her. Come round here. Look where the villain struck her!" With a trembling hand she pointed to a deep wound in the back of the neck, just below the skull, from which some blood had flowed—not in any large quantity—upon her nightdress and pillow.

Callander uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and kneeling beside the bed, gently turned back the clothes and felt her heart; then, with a wail of despair, "Oh! dead! dead! dead!" he cried. "My beautiful darling! my pearl! My cut to touch you now! I have not hurt you!" He pressed his brow against the bedclothes and muttered, "None to save her, though in the midst of those who would have given their lives for her." He stopped as if choked.

"Ah, sir! it's plain enough how the wretches got in. The window is open, and we used to leave the middle bit of the outer shutters open, with the bar across inside—she always wanted it. See! the bar is hanging loose, and there is the ladder they got across by."

Callander rose and followed her to the window-there, across the area which surrounded the house, resting on the top of the bank at one side, and the window-ledge at the other, was a ladder—a ladder which nurse recognized as belonging to the place. Callander dropped into a chair, and covering his face with his hands moaned piteously. "They have made a clean sweep," she continued, looking at the dressing-table; "she laid her ring and watch and chain and purse there last night, for I brushed her hair for her, my poor lamb, and they were there when I left her. Why, why did I ever leave the shutter open!" and she wrung her hands. "What are we to do, sir?" But Callander was past heeding her. He rose, and again throwing himself upon his knees beside the bed, buried his face in the clothes, while deep sobs shook his frame.

"By this time the whole household had crowded into the room and stood with bated breath.

"Oh, don't stand there doing nothing," whispered nurse in great agitation to Collins. "You run and tell the police. Don't you see the poor master has lost his head? And no wonder!"

"I'll run, Mrs. M'Hugh, and fetch the doctor too. Here"—in a horrified voice—"Here's Miss Dorothy!"

"Ah! don't let her in, for God's sake!" but Dorothy was in their midst ere he spoke.

"What can be the matter!" she asked, in her usual tone, "everyone seems running. "Oh, Mabel," interrupting herself, "Is Mabel ill! Why, Herbert!" Callander never moved. Before they could prevent her, Dorothy rushed forward, and laid her hand on her sister's brow; then drawing back with a look of wild terror—"Is she dead? Nurse, dear nurse, is she dead!"

"Ay, my dear, it has pleased God to take her to himself," said nurse, breathlessly, striving to keep the horrible fact of the murder from her. "It was awfully sudden; but we have sent for the doctor, and don't you stay! If you'll look after the children a bit, Miss Dorothy, for I'll want Hannah to help me."

While nurse spoke, she pushed her to the door.

"Why do you try to send me away?" cried Dorothy. "There is something you do not want me to know." Breaking from the agitated woman, Dorothy caught sight of the blood upon the pillow. With a scream, she darted to the bed, and clasping her hands above her head, cried: "She has been murdered—basely, cruelly murdered! Oh! my sister! my sister! was there no one to save you? Oh, come back to me. Oh, Herbert, is she quite, quite dead!" Still Callander remained in a kind of stupor.

"We can't rightly tell till the doctor comes, and this is no place for you, my dear young lady. I'll tell you the whole story what the doctor says. You can do her no good. My own head is going round, and—Mary! Mary! help me to hold her, will you?"

The awful shock, in the terrible sense that the dear, dead woman might have been saved had any one of the household been near her, was too much even for Dorothy's strong vitality. With a deep sigh she sank unconscious into nurse's arms, who was thankful to assist taking her back to her own room, where she left her in charge of the children's nurse.

Then, the terrible silence broken, the women servants burst into tears and exclamations. They called for justice on the murderer, and bewailed the fate of their gentle mistress.

But Col. Callander rose from his knees, and at the sight of his ghastly, horror-struck face they retreated, dimly conscious of being in the presence of a grief almost too great for sympathy to touch.

The leaden minutes dropped slowly away in miserable waiting. At last Collins drove up with the police inspector and the doctor.

Dorothy came gradually to her senses, and as the knowledge of her sister's tragic death returned to her, she rose up and attempted to leave the room.

"Oh, no, Miss Dorothy," cried the little maid. "Mrs. M'Hugh said you were not to be let go down stairs. She says you'll just be breaking your heart, miss, and you can do no good. The police and the doctor are there now, and Mrs. M'Hugh she'll come up as soon as she has anything to tell. Do, do lie down again."

"Ah, no; I can indeed do no good! No one can do any good," cried Dorothy, wringing her hands. "Who could have killed her? She had not an enemy in the world. Was it some wretch who wanted to rob her.

"I heard Mrs. M'Hugh say that all her jewels were gone."

Dorothy walked to and fro, remembering confusedly the events of the last few days—the painful scenes between her sister and herself.

That the sweet sister she so dearly loved should be snatched by violence from the difficulties and dangers out of which Dorothy had hoped to deliver her was too agonizing a finale to the drama of which they had both been the center. Then the picture of the bereaved husband, of the motherless little ones, grew distinct to her imagination, but her torn heart found no relief; horror was too strong for tears; she was too stunned by the crime, tragedy to think clearly. Life seemed at a standstill. She threw herself into a chair, and sat with wide-opened eyes gazing into the deep wound which seemed still before her. At last nurse softly opened the door and approached her, her own eyes streaming, her face haggard. "My poor dear," she said, in low, hurried tones, "the doctor thinks she must have been dead these four or five hours. The blow, he says, must have killed her at once. It was somehow struck the spine, though it looks as if it were on the back of the head. He doesn't think she felt any pain or fright. She looks like a peaceful infant. The master—God help him!—would let no one touch her but himself. His face is set like an iron mask."

"The coroner's come now, and Mr. Egerton. Ah! he has a feeling heart! I thought he'd have dropped when he came into the room, for all he is a tall, strong man, he was trembling like a leaf, and his eyes looked like to start out of his head. Oh! what a day of sorrow! My dear beautiful angel of a mistress! To think of them foxes darting death in on her sweet sleep to take her innocent life! and it will be hard to catch them! They say the ship was away at dawn this morning, and no one knows there."

Here nurse utterly broke down, and sinking into a seat threw her apron over her face, and rocked herself to and fro.

"Where are these blessed children? Go, Peggy, my girl," to the nursemaid, "go see to them, they'll be wanting some bread and butter. Oh, here is Miss Oakeley, thank God!"

It was indeed Henrietta, pale and tearful. She ran to Dorothy, and kneeling down, clasped her arms round her.

"I have only just heard, Dorothy, my dear Dorothy! Let me stay with you. It is too—too cruel," and pressing the silent, half-unconscious girl closely, she burst into hysterical weeping—for once Henrietta Oakeley forgot herself, her "part," her pretensions to originality, everything, save the humans anguish round her! Dorothy returned her embrace mechanically.

"Have they sent for Paul—Paul Standish?" she whispered.

"I don't know, dear; but Mr. Egerton is with Herbert, and he will do all he can." A convulsive shudder passed through the slight form in Henrietta's arms, and Dorothy clung to her with a sudden movement.

"Oh, send for Paul! Do not leave us defenceless here without Paul Standish! He will not have left London yet," and with feverish eagerness she pushed Henrietta from her.

"Has anyone telegraphed for Mr. Standish?" she asked, looking a nurse.

"I don't know, miss," said the grief-stricken woman. "I'll go and ask."

"Telegraph at once," said Henrietta.

"Yes, Miss Collins knows his address," and nurse went feebly from the room.

Alone with the dazed, terrified Dorothy, Henrietta was startled at the pain and distress of her tearless eyes—if she could only bring the solace of tears!

"Come away, dear, come to those poor little children; they will be so miserable shut up all this morning. Let us go and keep them company. The nursemaid will never stay with them when all this excitement is going on."

Dorothy, whose will and full consciousness seemed to be temporarily in abeyance, rose obediently and followed her.

The usually neat nursery was in some disorder, the remains of the children's breakfast was scattered on the table, the little girl was kneeling on the window seat beside Peggy looking at the people coming and going, the crowd which had collected about the gate and the policeman stationed beside it to prevent any unauthorised person entering, on the floor lay the baby boy laughing, and kicking in the joy of pure healthy existence, and battering a rag doll against the carpet. At the sound of the opening door, the little girl jumped down and ran to cling round her aunt.

"Where is mammy? she has never come this morning," cried the child, "and that naughty Peggy won't let us go downstairs! I want to see dear mammy."

"Hearing this demand, the boy began to repeat, "Ma-am," most vigorously. Then the sweeter notes of grief was struck, and Dorothy clasping the motherless little girl to her heart, burst into a flood of tears, her whole frame quivering with the violence of her sobs.

Many a page might be filled with the sad details of such a scene, the formidable police inspector unmoved by dismay and sorrow about him, made notes, and searching inquiries; the doctor, who examined the fatal wound, the coroner viewing "the body," the lingering crowd outside increasing every moment as the startling news spread, the disorganized servants wandering about tearful and excited; are they not all repetitions of what has been but too often enacted before? though to the immediate sufferers it seemed so harrowing and desecrating, this tearing away of all that shields the sanctities of home from the rude eyes of the outer world. To the policeman there is no holy or holies into which he will not direct the vulgar glare of his bull's-eye.

The extraordinary self-mastery of Colonel Callander struck everyone. He let no hand save his own touch the fair form he loved so well, when both doctor and coroner made their examination. He seemed upheld by the marvellous force and tenderness of love. He could not be persuaded to leave the presence of the dead. His stern composure overawed the lookers on. Egerton was much more unmanned.

He seemed scarcely able to support himself when he first gazed at the sweet, calm marble face of the murdered woman. He reeled like a drunken man to a seat, and appeared to have almost lost consciousness. When he rallied he was untiring in his attentions to the bereaved husband, in his thoughtful assistance and suggestions to the police. But it was evident what the effort to be of use cost him.

No one seemed to think of sending for Standish. Callander's whole soul was centered in his wife, even the natural desire for justice, that is vengeance, on her murderers seemed merged in the tender care with which he paid that tribute of love and respect.

While Egerton went to and fro like a man but half recovered from a severe fall, Callander was rigidly composed, and perfectly clear in his orders and directions.

As soon as a rumor of the fatal event reached Mrs. Callander, she was speedily on the scene of action.

Dorothy was quite unable, and strange to say, her son decidedly refused to see her. This appeared to agitate her greatly. She demanded an interview with Egerton, who when he came scarcely seemed to know what he was saying.

It must be admitted that the hard husk of the worldly old woman was pierced at last, and she showed more feeling than the onlookers expected, though the idea of police prowling about, of a coroner's inquest, of the details which every newspaper would set forth with morbid elaboration, was a source of bitter mortification.

After obtaining as much information as she could from Mrs. M'Hugh, she drove back to her hotel, and spent the remainder of the day in the company of her reverend friends, who were indefatigable in their efforts to comfort and console.

The emotion which this tragedy called forth in Henrietta Oakeley seemed to make a new creature of her; the inner depth of her nature, which had hitherto lain dormant under the mass of luxuries and frivolities with which it was overlaid, was roused to activity, and for the moment her flickering faith was were quenched. Dorothy shrank from encountering her brother-in law, even through the shock and horror of the morning, the recollection of his face and its stony grief remained with her, and she feared to meet him for both their sakes. She was so near and dear to his murdered wife, how could he bear to look at her?

But Henrietta had no such scruples, she went boldly to him, and he endured her presence, and answered her questions respecting the children. For nurse suggested their being taken to their grandmother, as the house was not a fit place for them.

Then she assisted (under Mrs. M'Hugh's directions) to prepare them, and herself escorted the poor motherless babies to Mrs. Callander, who willingly accepted the charge.

It was a relief to Dorothy when they were gone. The sound of their innocent laughter was too agonizing when she thought of the beloved mother lying in everlasting silence—murdered—below.

The dreadful day dragged through. Mrs. Callander asked Dorothy to stay with her during this sad time, but she refused, saying that nothing as her sister's lifeless form was under the roof she would not leave it.

"I do hope Herbert's brain will not give way under this cruel blow," murmured Miss Oakeley, as she sat holding Dorothy's hand in the deserted nursery, while the evening grew darker and night stole on them. "He is wonderfully composed, though there is something awful in his face. Mr. Egerton is far more overcome. I only caught a glimpse of him, and he really did not look sane! It is the intense grief in Herbert's expression that affects me so. I can hardly keep back the tears when I look at him. Have you seen Egerton?"

"Oh, no—no!" cried Dorothy with almost a scream of pain. "How shall I ever stand to be dragged before these dreadful people tomorrow? If I could throw my light out—"

"Miss Dorothy!" interrupted Mrs. M'Hugh opening the door hastily. "Mr. Standish is below, and the master won't see him! I went and asked him myself (the others don't care to go near him), but he refused; he was quite angry when I persisted. Will you come and speak to Mr. Standish, miss. He looks terrible bad."

"Oh, yes, nurse! I will come," and she rose with alacrity, then paused, she asked tremulously, "Where—where is Mr. Egerton?"

"Gone away to his own place for a bit. I'm sure he has enough that work out. I know what the poor master would have done without him."

Dorothy was out of the room before she ceased to speak.

"Where is the colonel?" asked Miss Oakeley.

"Always in the same place, beside her," returned nurse, sadly.

When Dorothy opened the door and saw her guardian standing in the window of the dimly lighted drawing-room, she forgot in her sudden sorrow all the womanly consciousness which used to hold her back, and darting to him she threw her arms around his neck as in her old, childish days.

"My poor child," said Standish, tenderly, "what is this horror? I had Collins' telegram about three hours ago, and know nothing except that Mabel is dead—he says murdered."

"Oh, Paul, thank God you are come! It is all too terrible!" she hastily recounted what had occurred—still clinging to him.

"I cannot understand it. Burglars seldom murder, save in self-defence." he continued, "and poor dear Mabel could be no object of fear to anyone."

"I don't know what to think, Paul! Dreadful conjectures thrust themselves on me. Oh! if I could stop thinking!" and she hid her face against his shoulder.

Standish gently turned her to the lamp, and his face grew very grave.

"You must not add imaginary horrors to the reality of this dreadful affair, my dear Dorothy. It is too much for you. Have you told me your heart to me. What could be the object of this hideous crime?"

"Nurse says that her purse and the jewels which lay on the dressing-table are all gone," said Dorothy. "They might have taken those; but why put her to death?—she whispered her arms from him but still held his hand in both hers, as if unwilling to lose touch with a stronger than herself—"and she seemed as if lying in peaceful sleep, no look of terror or disturbance."

"Sit down, Dorothy, you can hardly stand," and he led her to a seat. "Tell me more."

"I know so little; but what cuts me to the soul is, that in the night, I don't know what hour—something woke me—I heard a sound, dim, faint noise, a little like metal falling. I was so cruelly dull and sleepy that I was not frightened, I did not think of getting up; and they were murdering her then—my poor dear sister! You know I have the room over hers. Oh, Paul, I might have saved her!"

"Or been murdered yourself," said Standish, drawing her to him as one might a sorrowful child.

"Better me than her," returned Dorothy, with trembling lips. "Who can replace her with her children, her husband? Oh, Paul! must I tell all this tomorrow?"

"At the inquest? Yes, my dear Dorothy. You must tell the whole truth—the least omission might lead to the failure of justice—and Mrs. M'Hugh's theory is that it is one of the foreign sailors committed this foul deed!"

"Yes, she thinks so."

"It is not impossible! some of them look equal to any villainy. My God! they might have spared her life," cried Standish with deep emotion. "I should not wonder if Callander lost his reason after such a fearful blow! Egerton of course has been with him. Have you seen?"

"Oh, no, no! Do not ask me. I cannot—I will not," she exclaimed, breathlessly, again hiding her face against him. You will stay with me, Paul. You will protect me, you is my only friend, except poor Herbert, and I am half afraid of him now." She trembled so violently that Standish was almost alarmed.

"Poor little soul, the shock has been too much for her," he muttered to himself.

"I shall not always be a selfish coward," she whispered. "I shall try and do what my hands find to do diligently. But to-day, I am not myself."

"That's a brave heart," said Standish, softly. "I know you are not a coward, Dorothy. You must think of the children and their desolate father!" There was silence for a moment. Dorothy's small hands still clung to him with more force than he thought they possessed. "I suppose Callander will see me tomorrow?" resumed Standish. "I almost dread meeting him. I fancied he would be glad to know I was here. But I suppose he is not at all himself. Poor fellow."

"I thought, too, he would be comforted by having you near."

"Who have you to keep you company?"

"Henrietta Oakeley. She is wonderfully kind. Oh! here she is."

In fact Mrs. M'Hugh had some difficulty in keeping her from interrupting their interview long before.

Some further talk respecting the circumstances of the tragedy which had befallen them. Paul Standish said he would leave them. "I am going to see the doctor and hear his account. Should Herbert express any wish to see me, I shall be at Egerton's hotel. I want to hear what he has to say."

When he named Egerton, Dorothy's hand closed on his with a convulsive pressure.

"I trust in Heaven she will get some sleep," he said, looking at Henrietta.

"I asked the doctor to look in this evening, and prescribe a composing draught," she returned. "I don't know what will become of Dorothy unless she gets some sleep. Come away, Dorothy."

"I cannot thank you enough for your kind care of the poor child."

"You will come early to-morrow, Paul?" said Dorothy, letting him go with reluctance.

"Trust me," was his reply as they left the room.

(To be Continued.)

Anglophobia and Anglomania.

It is a significant fact that, while Prof. Smith is accusing us of Anglophobia, we are accusing a large element of our people of Anglomania. One of the symptoms of the latter disease is in the terms employed. We find here Victoria hotels, her Majesty's Opera, royal baking powders, imperial trains and harnessmakers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and when the anthem of John Brown is sung there appears to be a confusion in the minds of some of our more advanced Anglomaniacs as to whether the reference to the possessor of so progressive a soul is an allusion to our hero of Harper's Ferry or the queen's late gillie. When

"Those Derned City Ways."

Mrs. Tredigee (as the suzar comes along).—Use the tongs, Cousin!
Mr. Honks—Why, 'tain't hot, is it?—*Puck.*

the dude Britannicus makes his appearance in Piccadilly his worthy counterpart, the dude Americanus, immediately exhibits himself on Fifth avenue, rolls up his trousers when the cable announces rain in London, sucks the head of an equally large cane, and adopts the same fantastic swing when he walks, at the risk of being set down as appearing bowlegged in the elbows. Even the Irish, whose presence here is a never-failing source of irritation to the natives, if it is the article have discussion, are supposed to be coming over to the ranks of the Anglomaniacs, if we may credit the story of the coachman from the Isle of Emerald hue who recently applied to a lady here for a situation, and when asked by her, "Are you an Englishman?" replied, "No, mum; I was born in Oirland, but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I suppose I do seem quite English."—*Gen. Horace Porter in North American Review.*

Presented to the Queen.

To be presented to the Queen of England is considered the highest honor which can be bestowed on a lady. Once this honor has been secured, the sacred portals of "Society" are opened to the recipient, and she is entitled to the privilege of presentation at foreign courts. Those who desire to be presented to Her Majesty for the first time are required to arrange the matter with some lady who has already passed through the ceremony. The latter proceeds by communicating with the Lord Chamberlain, whose duty it is thereupon to make inquiries as to the character of the intending *débutante*—a very important point, as the Queen is exceedingly strict in this respect.

The preliminary inquiries having proved satisfactory, the lady to be presented receives a card admitting her to the Throne-Room on the day fixed for the ceremony. The dress to be worn requires a good deal of attention, the royal decree being that each lady shall appear in a certain uniform. This uniform consists of a dress cut low at the neck, with short sleeves and a train three yards in length! White gloves are also *de rigueur*, and each lady must wear a veil hanging down the back, surmounted by three white ostrich feathers. Bouquets have to be provided, not only for the lady herself, but also for the coachman and footman.

The throne-room is, of course, at Buckingham Palace. It is a spacious, oblong room, at one end of which is a raised dais, on the center of which the Queen takes her place, surrounded by the members of her family, seated according to their order of precedence. Very often the Prime Minister is present, and there is always a small body of ambassadors and other distinguished *attaches*. Those about to be presented assemble in an ante-room, and as no order of precedence is observed here, there is considerable stirring of feathers among the first, especially as Her Majesty often leaves the Princess of Wales to receive towards the end of the ceremony.

The way to the Throne-Room from the antechamber is through a corridor, the entrance to which is guarded by the gentlemen-at-arms, in their picturesque uniforms of scarlet and gold. Inside the corridor one of the gentlemen of the household adjusts the lady's veil and train, and then, with her bouquet and fan in her right hand, she is ready. A large mirror extends along on one side in which she may see that all is correct. Her presentation card is handed by a page to the Lord Chamberlain, who calls out the lady's name and then drops the card into a gilded basket at his feet.

Entering the Throne-Room, the lady walks straight up to Her Majesty, making her courtesy, and extending her right hand. The Queen places her left hand over the extended hand of the lady, who again courtesies, and kisses the royal hand. The ceremony is now over—no, not quite, for it is the rule for ladies to make a series of courtesies as they move backwards out of the room, and with three yards of train, it requires a little skill, this can hardly be the lightest part of the ordeal. We should add that when young ladies of high birth are presented, Her Majesty usually kisses them on the cheek, a mark of favor which is generally also extended to duchesses. After a lady has been presented she may have a seat in a gallery beyond the Throne-Room, where she can admire the dresses of those entering later than herself.

A royal presentation is rather a costly affair. The court etiquette in regard to dress is in many cases felt to be irksome and unpleasant, although the court tailor and Queen herself always appears in the same style of dress as that required to be worn by her subjects on presentation. It must be anything but pleasant, however, for a lady to have to sit in the ante-room perhaps for three hours on a cold, wet day, waiting her turn, in a low-cut dress with short sleeves. Medical men have over and over again condemned this ridiculous court uniform, but apparently to no purpose.

The Reason Why.

Cora—Miss Fussanfeathers' hair usad to be black. I see it has turned to a chestnut. How do you account for that?

Clara—I believe she has been using the funny papers to do her hair up in.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The City in Summer.

Citizen—I wish to see the health officer.
Clerk—He is not in.
Citizen—Where is he?
Clerk—Gone out of the city for his health.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Carefully Trained.

Miss Antique (taking politely proffered seat in crowded street car)—Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Tell your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?

Polite Boy—No'm, not all ladies, only old ladies.

Wouldn't Do At All.

"Mrs. Rambo," said the pastor, as he shook her by the hand after the services were over and while the congregation was slowly filing out. "I have long thought of calling on Mr. Rambo and having a serious talk with him. Would it be advisable, think you, for me to come—let us say—to-morrow afternoon?

"I am afraid you could hardly make any impression on Absalom if you should come at that time," replied Mrs. Rambo, timidly. "He's going to hang the screen doors to-morrow afternoon."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

How She Got Square.

"This egg, madame," said the professor, with asperity, "is not fresh."

"Sir," said the landlady, graciously, "it was laid just one week after you made your last payment."

A Tribute to the Departed.

Yankee Census Taker.—Are you the head of the family?

Wobbles—Yes, sir; Mrs. Wobbles died last February.

A Rude Awakening.

"What has become of Miss Perkins—the girl you were so attentive to at Lenox last summer! Is she in town?"

"Yes."

"Did she send you cards?"

"Yes;" (after a pause)—"her wedding cards!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Scotch Bull.

Top of Loch Maree coach; vehicle is approaching Talladale.

Tourist (to driver)—Splendid country this.

Driver—Ay, ay! Ant you'll have peen here pefore!

Tourist—Oh, yes, several times!

Driver—Ay, ay! There's nopody effer comes here that hasna' peen here sometime pefore already.

A Double Sorrow.

"Were you put out when Miss Brown refused you?"

"Oh yes, the old man attended to that."

Overmatched.

Giles—What did Terwilliger say about the twins?

Merritt—Said it was one too many for him.

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Haidee.

When Lloyd Marlowe brought home his bride, an olive-skinned, dusky-eyed creature, the news spread abroad over the country like wildfire. The people near to Beechenbrook were half paralyzed with excitement, for with the heathenish woman came cages of wild beasts, fresh from the jungles of India, that bellowed and roared in a manner calculated to make one's flesh creep.

Those who had known Lloyd since childhood shook their heads and said:

"It's only another of Lloyd's erratic fancies; no good will come of it."

Old Mrs. Marlowe, who had managed the household since Lloyd was a toddler in pinafores, said sadly:

"I hope Lloyd will be satisfied, now that he has taken for a wife a queer, heathenish woman who is never so well contented as when in the dens of the nasty wild beasts. Why, she did to a neighbor, "I've seen that woman hug the great ugly lion, Tasso, when every minute I expected him to eat her up."

"Why does Mr. Marlowe allow her to have the things?" questioned the other.

"Just because her will is law. He dare not contradict her; she's awful when she gets enraged," said Mrs. Marlowe.

As the Marlowes were social powers at Beechenbrook, it was not strange that this freak of Lloyd's should create much comment.

"How many more notions is Marlowe going to indulge in?" questioned one of his old college friends.

"The idea of his marrying a downright heathen when he might have had the choice of all his girl friends at home!" sighed a portly matron who had cast covetous eyes toward the broad acres of Beechenbrook, and had taken it as a settled fact that the eldest of her five daughters was destined to reign there.

"Lloyd married?" asked Miss Ada Cavendish, one of his old-time "flames," arching her perfect brows. "And you say his bride is passionately attached to tigers and lions, and he actually brought home a private menagerie, all for her amusement? How very considerate of him!"

Those who had been so fortunate as to see the bride pronounced her a dark-eyed hourl, a creature of graceful movements and strange fascination. But the lions roaring in their cages at Beechenbrook struck terror to the hearts of the timid, and caused many a one to wish that Lloyd Marlowe and his tropical wife, with her cages of wild beasts, were immured in the jungles of India, instead of among civilized people.

A few of the most courageous friends of the family paid formal calls upon the bride—not without reluctance—and gave it out as their opinion afterward that this Arab woman was something to dread and fear.

The Marlowe servants whispered it around that Haidee was never so happy as when feeding the tiger, Nero, or performing with the great sullen lion, Tasso, into whose cage she went daily.

"I see her this morning," said the old gardener. "I see that heathen woman lay her head into the very jaws of death. No good'll come of this caper of Master Lloyd's."

"A tragedy will end the chapter, you see if it doesn't," sighed his aunt.

Haidee performed with the lions daily, and fondled the young cubs with as much unconcern, apparently, as if they were kittens; Lloyd, looking on, was not without some forebodings, yet her great courage and daring aroused his admiration; he deemed her the most bewitching woman on earth, and his greatest treasure.

"Haidee is rash and thoughtless to go into Tasso's cage as she does. He might kill her in an instant. Why do you allow her to have the ugly beasts," said his aunt one morning, as he was preparing to go for a drive.

Lloyd was drawing on his gloves, and with a gay laugh, said:

"There's no danger, auntie. Tasso has been her pet since she was ten years old."

"No one is sure of a wild beast; they are all treacherous as can be," she answered.

"Do not get alarmed, because there's no need of it, none at all. Haidee's no more afraid of Tasso than you are of the cat," he said, as he went on whistling. He went out to find Haidee sporting with the lions.

"Come," he called to her, "I am going to drive out into the timber, and you can see an American forest."

She smiled, and in her pretty, broken way answered she was ready.

She backed out of the cage slowly, her whip raised in readiness to strike if necessary. Tasso growled, a low and ominous growl, and with glittering eyes plunged against the door as it shut with a bang. The cage shook and swayed with the force of the action.

Lloyd caught Haidee in his arms, and in trembling tones, said:

"Come, Haidee, see how enraged he is!"

She did not answer, but stood quietly regarding the beast, and showed no signs of fear.

"I beg of you not to go into the cage again. Content yourself with looking through the bars, as I do," he continued.

She turned her dark eyes upon him. They were sparkling with anger.

"Ah, Allah! I will teach him! I will make him mind me!" she exclaimed hotly.

He neared her away at length, and they went toward the phaeton waiting for them.

"That creature—faugh! I am more disgusted with her every day. It's all heathen, and no Christian here any more," said old Mrs. Marlowe, as she watched them riding away.

The evening after Haidee's adventure with Tasso the beasts bellowed and roared long after nightfall. Lloyd, listening, shuddered and said:

"Haidee, hadn't we better sell the animals? Suppose we keep only the harmless leopards. Really, I am getting afraid of the things. What if they were to breakit their bars!"

She looked at him half contemptuously and answered:

"They stay while I stay. Tasso will not growl at Haidee again."

The next day was Sunday, and she did not go into Tasso's cage, but went to church, by Lloyd's earnest persuasion. At all heathen, foreign wife of Lloyd Marlowe was the cynosure of all eyes. Even the staid old pastor was guilty of the great indiscretion of looking over his glasses in the direction of the Marlowe pew, and secretly wondering what evil spirit ever led poor Lloyd to fancy that dusky-eyed, swarthy creature, who seemed imbued with the airs of the jungle, and was like nothing on this side of the globe.

The ladies looked at and criticized her. The young men considered her "quite fetching," and looked more at the bride than at the pastor.

She was dressed in black silk and lace, the only garniture a cluster of rich red pomegranate blossoms and cage myrtle at her throat. The ladies made a note of the graceful way in which she handled her fan, and also the manner in which she drew forth a bit of spidery lace, heavy with an eastern perfume, and touched it to her face.

"Such an ill omened creature! Such barbaric manners! What was Marlowe thinking of when he lost his heart to her," said one, as the congregation broke up.

But Miss Cavendish came in with her opinion, which was always authority, and turned the tide in Haidee's favor.

"It's rather out of the common order of things to wed a woman from the tropics, but young Mrs. Marlowe's quite fascinating. She's as graceful as a woman can be, and has the beautiful eyes of the gazelle. I do not wonder that Lloyd fell madly in love—they tell me he is; she will be quite the rage this winter, and eclipse all the girls who imagine her only a poor misguided heathen."

After this neat little speech, Haidee's advent in church was counted as a rare treat to witness, and Miss Cavendish smiled to herself, thinking what good times she would have while escorting the dusky bride of Lloyd Marlowe through the brilliant ball-rooms, and creating envious twinges amongst those who were not so fortunate as to get an introduction.

Haidee had been at Beechenbrook some four months. One evening Lloyd, inquiring for her, was told that she had gone to the cages. His fears were aroused at once, and he hastened toward the animals. A thousand thoughts, it seemed to him, ran across his brain. As he neared the cages a gardener came running toward him, saying:

"Oh, sir, she's killed! The ugly beast has her in his jaws! Come, hasten, or she will be eaten before we can get her out!"

The cages were all in a row, Tasso's at the end nearest them. As Marlowe reached it he saw a sight that caused him to nearly faint. Haidee was hanging, apparently lifeless, in the massive jaws of the lion. The wild glitter in his fiery eyes, the convulsive twitching of his tail, told all too plainly poor Haidee's fate. Sick and stunned, Lloyd reeled, and in a dazed condition staggered and fell forward.

The alarm had been given; men were running forward with pitchforks in their hands, endeavoring to secure the woman. All was confusion. At last she was dragged out, still alive, but a mutilated figure almost unrecognizable. She died a few hours afterward.

The cages were closed and boarded up, to prevent the animals from breaking out. All night long the roaring of the ravenous beasts was enough to make the flesh creep.

The frightened neighbors, listening, said:

"It was what we expected all along. We knew no good would come of that pagan who was never at rest unless caressing the lions and tigers. Now the beasts have killed her, poor heathen!"

"Hush!" whispered one. "Hear the things! They are breaking their bars. God protect us—they will kill some one to-night!" And they gathered their children indoors, and waited in anxiety for the daylight.

The ill-fated Hindoo women was interred in the vault with the dead and gone Marlowes. Lloyd was never quite rational after the sad tragedy, and in a short time he, too, was laid to rest beside the woman whose imprudence had cost her her life.

The animals were sold to a museum, all but Tasso, Haidee's favorite and her destroyer. He was shot the night he killed his mistress, the woman who had fondled him in far off India, and afterward caressed his shaggy mane when she was Lloyd Marlowe's wife and the honored mistress of Beechenbrook.

How to Treat a Sweetheart.

When he comes to see you, let me give you a few hints as to your treatment of him:

First of all, my dear, don't let him get an idea that your one object in life is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so lightly of yourself that whenever he has an idle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him.

Don't let him think that you are going out driving with him alone, even if your mother should be lenient enough to permit this.

Don't let him think that you are going to the dance or the frolic with him; you are going with your brother, or else you are going to make up a party which will all go together.

Don't let him spend his money on you; when he goes away he may bring you a box of sweets, a book or some music; but don't make him feel that you expect anything but courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not until you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arm around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger it meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights, but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there he was right to put a kiss on your lips; it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of little value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful, rich, purple plum; it hangs high up on the tree and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side, so that when he gets it he appreciates it. You know the story of the man who saw a beautiful plum on a tree, which he very much wanted. Next to it hung another plum; it seemed as beautiful, and it was apparently just as sweet as the one he wanted. The seeker for it stood under it for a moment, looked at it with longing eyes, and behold, the plum dropped into his mouth. Of what value was it then? It was looked at and cast aside. Now take this little story, and make it point the moral that I wish it to.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Liszt Listened no Longer.

Wrapped in his dressing-gown and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm-chair, ready for work and writing inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened, and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing-gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key-pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude, and then, suddenly, he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. And immediately, with the same tranquil air with which he had entered, he went on and returned to his room, where he could work at his ease.

Pretty High.

Fitzgibbons—Shall you go to the mountains or the seashore this summer, Miss Ethel?

Miss Ethel—High altitudes are always delightful, Mr. Fitzgibbons.

Fitzgibbons—Have you ever been very high up in the mountains?

Miss Ethel—Well, two years ago we went as high as forty dollars a week apiece.—*Judge.*

Point for Prohibitionists.

Teacher—What zone do we live in?

Boy (who has an intemperate father)—Ma says she thinks we must live in the Intemperate zone.—*Texas Siftings.*

How General Grant Popped the Question.

A very striking incident in the life of General Grant was mentioned by an intimate friend. It related to the delicate subject of how the General popped the question. Those who know General Grant intimately can imagine how he could storm a rampart, charge a battery of artillery, or lead a forlorn hope in battle more easily than he could ask for the hand of the woman he loved.

The occasion when the young lieutenant in the army and Julia Dent plighted their troth was not one of those ideal moonlight nights, nor were the stars twinkling over lovers' sighs, but on a dark, stormy night in the woods of Missouri. The lieutenant was visiting his army comrade and former classmate, Fred Dent. He had driven into town in a dog-cart with his comrade's sister.

The young people were on their way home. The darkness had overtaken them. The rain had fallen in torrents and the roads were ankle deep with mud. The lightning flashed and the thunder pealed out of the blackness of night which followed. A swollen stream and a frail bridge stood in their way.

As they reached the dangerous spot a sudden flash of electricity revealed the terrors of the flood and the condition of the bridge. In an instant, availing himself of this moment of light, the brave young officer urged the good steed upon the quivering floorway. A dreadful burst of thunder shook the very foundations of the earth. The young maiden, who had thus far bravely faced the terrors of the situation, stunned by the tremendous crash, grasped the unmoved lieutenant by her side with affrighted force.

The bridge now began to yield to the undermining action of the raging torrent. As it seemed to sink away the maid exclaimed in her fears, "Oh, we are lost."

"No, Julia," came a tender reply from the heart full of emotion which beat in that brave young breast. "Nothing shall happen to you. I shall take care of you."

Another flash in timely succession revealed the terrible situation, but one judicious stimulation of the powerful steed brought the lieutenant and his heart's treasure once more upon the solid ground of the other side as the planks ways of the bridge moved away in the surging flood. Rescue from a situation so perilous was the occasion for a thoughtful silence.

The storm beaten lovers pushed on their trying way through mud and rain and wind. Soon out of the darkness came a voice, "Julia, were you frightened?"

"What a terrible night it is," said the maiden in reply.

"I would always like to care for you and protect you. May I do so?"

"Yes," in the simple innocence of her girlish heart, was the answer.

Royalty's Hobbies.

"It must have been news to most people to be told that the Duke of Edinburgh is an enthusiastic collector of postage stamps," says *Modern Society.* "As we have it on his own authority, there can be no doubt about the truth of the statement. His skill on the violin is of course, well known, but that the first fiddler in the kingdom should indulge in so apparently unprofitable a pursuit is a surprise. All the members of the Royal Family have certainly hobbies and rather costly ones too. Of china, bronzes, and other works of art there is no better judge than the Prince of Wales; at the war game, the Duke of Connaught is not to be beaten; while the late Duke of Albany, as a critic of Shakespeare and collector of folios and quartos, was well known. The powers of the Empress Frederick and Princess Christian with the pen would get them a good living any day; the Marchioness of Lorne is as good in painting as in sculpture; while new Princess Beatrice is one of our best amateur actresses. Taken together, the Queen's sons and daughters are not wanting in versatility."

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Mixed Up By the Accent.

Count Homperheim—Vill you always loaf me, mein leedle von?

Miss Philipdel—Well, Herrmerich, I will for a year or two; but after that I think you really ought to go into business.—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Taking the Census.

There is a good deal of excitement on the other side of the line over the taking of the United States census, owing to the fact that the list of questions to be put by the enumerators includes some which are denounced as "inquisitorial." It is the duty of the official to ask the citizen whether he is suffering from acute or chronic disease, whether he is defective in his mind or any of his senses, crippled or deformed, and whether his house or farm is mortgaged. There has been a great outcry over these questions and some of them certainly appear to be unnecessary and injudicious. It is folly for instance to ask a man whether he is of sound mind or not. As is well known, lunatics always think themselves sane and every one else crazy. Even apart from the absurdity of imagining that anyone would admit to be otherwise than sane whether he were conscious of any impairment of his reason or not, who is to draw the line in the majority of cases? There is no question in medical jurisprudence more difficult or in regard to which experts differ more hopelessly then as to mental alienation. From any point of view this, as well as the questions with regard to physical ailments and deformities, are not merely impertinent but absolutely useless, and even were they answered the results would certainly be misleading. The questions as to the extent to which property is mortgaged, however, are in an entirely different category. It is important in its bearing upon future financial and economic legislation that the public should know to what extent the homes of the people are pledged to the money-lenders. It is a matter of public concern and no plea of the secrecy of private business ought to avail to prevent so necessary an investigation being made. Far too great weight has in the past been attached to the objection that such investigations are "inquisitorial." Because a measure may be thus described it is not necessarily bad, otherwise we might close up our criminal courts and allow all prisoners who did not voluntarily admit their guilt to go free on the ground that it would be "inquisitorial" to investigate their doings. The amount of every man's possessions and the extent to which property which stands in his name may be encumbered is something that the public has a right to know. In nine cases out of ten "business secrecy" is a mere cover for business rascality of one sort or other, or, if that be too strong a term, for practices which though technically honest are contrary to the public interest and welfare. Full and thorough publicity in all such matters, not merely as to the extent to which business or farming is carried on with borrowed money, which is the scope of the present inquiry, but as to the sources of every man's income and the extent of his possessions would do a great deal to explode many current false impressions, to stimulate needed reforms and check dishonest or injurious methods of accumulation. As the Canadian census will be taken next year the experience of our neighbors ought to give our government some valuable suggestions, so that we may avoid their errors. As the question of the condition of the classes and the share which labor receives of the fruits of production has been prominent of late, it is to be hoped that opportunity will not be lost of throwing some light on it by including among the questions to be asked by census-takers inquiries showing the extent to which the homes of the people are mortgaged.

Music.

That was a pleasant departure from the hackneyed and familiar concert scheme that was enjoyed by the visitors at Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's charming residence on Friday evening of last week. Beautiful grounds, beautiful rooms, beautiful music, beautiful women, and I had almost said beautiful men, combined to make up a sensation that was as novel as it was pleasing. The occasion was a musicale given by Mrs. Blackstock in aid of the University library fund, and the attendance was of a character and size that showed the diffusion of public interest in the laudable object. The programme offered was a varied one, and was unique inasmuch as so much of its interpretation fell upon the shoulders of one gentleman that it might almost be called his song recital. The gentleman referred to was Mr. Francis Fisher Powers, a young baritone who has made himself quite a feature in fashionable circles in both England and America by the excellent manner in which he sings long programmes of song music. In this instance his selections showed infinite variety in both style and sentiment, and it is most creditable to his versatility that he rendered the different numbers with such fidelity to the thought and spirit of each. Mr. Powers' voice is strong and full, and yet is remarkably sweet and well controlled. His method is excellent and enables him to withstand fatigue and heavy demands upon his voice with ease. He sings with extreme artistic taste, musicianly feeling, and with the greatest attention to the demands of expression. Mr. Powers sang fourteen songs in all, giving specially effective renderings of Dudley Buck's Salve Regina, Shelley's Love's Sorrow, and of two Spanish songs by Henrion. Mrs. Blackstock's popular Spring's Reverie was sung by Mrs. Mackelcan, who was in splendid voice, and has never sung better in Toronto. Her other songs were A Night in June, two little gems—Night and Morning, by Niedlinger, and Were We Lovers Then, all of which were rendered with feeling and expression. Mr. H. M. Field, also felt the inspiration of a sympathetic audience, and gave a spirited and dashing rendering of the Tannhæuser March. He also played Mrs. Blackstock's Etude in A flat major, a work with a finely flowing melody accompanied in rippling measures, well constructed and thoughtful in detail. Mr. Field had the assistance of the Messrs. Mahr in the performance of a Beethoven trio, which was well rendered, but rather weighty for a warm summer night in a crowded drawing-room. Another composition of Mrs. Blackstock's, a pleasing part song, A Summer Night, was excellently sung by nine ladies and gentlemen. Not the least arduous part was borne by Mrs. Blackstock, who in addition to the incessant attention to her duties as hostess, played all Mr. Powers' accompaniments.

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A very pleasing organ recital was given by Mr. G. H. Fairclough at All Saints' Church on Wednesday afternoon, June 11, when he played a fine selection of music embracing among other numbers: the Mendelssohn C minor sonata, No. 2, the introduction to the third act of Lohengrin, Gounod's March Cortege, Lemmen's Storm Fantasia and the William Tell overture. Mr. Fairclough's progress since coming to Toronto has been a rapid one, and his work is musicianly and artistic. Mr. Fairclough was assisted by Miss Nora Clench who was in excellent form and played most delightfully. The audience, which was a specially invited one, was unanimous in its expressions of satisfaction at the treat afforded by Miss Clench's efforts. Her numbers were: Beethoven's Romance, in G; Bach's Chaconne, the slow movement from Wieniawski's Suite, the Andante, from the Mendelssohn Concerto, and Vieuxtemps' Romance in F. Miss Wright also added to the pleasure of the occasion by singing Millard's Ave Maria, and Brogu's Angels' Serenade, the latter with violin obligato by Miss Clench.

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The pupils of the Conservatory gave an organ recital at Association Hall on Monday evening at which highly satisfactory renditions were given by Miss Jennie Cooke, Miss Marion Ferguson, Miss Lizzie L. Walker, Miss Minnie McVicar, Miss F. Constance Mellish, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Alice M. Taylor, Miss Lizzie J. Schooley, and Messrs. Peter Kennedy and J. Meredith McKim. Vocal numbers were excellently rendered by Miss Lizzie Adair, Miss Ida Simpson, Miss Annie B. Rose and Mr. Frank Barber.

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Our cousins over the border have been making considerable efforts to follow the English custom of playing the National Anthem at the close of concerts, etc., but with small success. The trouble is they have nothing to play at such a stage of an evening's performance. The song America is set to the music of God Save the Queen, and of course there is the fear that some Blawsted Britisher might take its being played to be a veiled compliment in recognition of his presence. Hail Columbia is too frivolous, besides being of doubtful origin, so that the Star-Spangled Banner is the only one left, and those who have heard it here with Gilmore's Band—where by the way the reason for its performance has always been an unexplained conundrum—will not wonder that the public declines to warm to its straggling melody and crude harmonies. So the custom is falling into desuetude. The Yankee nation is a great one, but so far its musicians have not been able to evolve a proper national hymn after a hundred and fourteen years of national life and striving, with all their history and romance.

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Eduard Strauss has come to America and with his incomparable band of forty-four musicians has conquered the country. At Buffalo on June 14 he played to over $4,500 in one concert and everyone was delighted. To hear his orchestra play one of the old Strauss waltzes is a revelation in its maze of accents and shading and its whirl of changing tempos. Strauss is coming here for three concerts in September, when we may expect the greatest musical treat in the way of brilliant orchestral music that has ever been offered to Toronto.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Signor D'Auria has settled down to hard work and has been doing some enthusiastic rehearsing. Its ranks are filling up with good men, and it bids fair to give a good account of itself next year. Signor D'Auria proposes to make the first part of the programme classical, with a popular second part. He is rehearsing Beethoven's First Symphony for the first concert.

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In fact orchestral music is on the boom everywhere just now. The great success which has attended the Eduard Strauss concerts has encouraged other schemes of even greater ambition. One scheme which is already pretty well settled is the importation into America next year of the orchestra of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, which will be conducted by Hans von Bulow, its regular director. This orchestra will of course give the preference to strictly classical works in its programmes. In addition to this, negotiations are in progress to bring over the celebrated Lamoureux orchestra from Paris. Whether we in Toronto shall benefit from this energy and enterprise is a question, owing to our wretched hall accommodation. In Buffalo on the 14th the receipts of $4,500 were produced in a hall where the highest priced seats were a dollar and a half. In Toronto treble the price must be charged to produce the same result. We must, however, hope for the best, and pray that public spirit may soon become awakened to the extent of earnest and energetic action in the direction of procuring us a hall adequate to the size and needs of the city.

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The season for closing concerts at the schools has opened. On Tuesday and Friday of next week the Conservatory of Music will give concerts of its pupils at Association Hall, while the College of Music will show its progress by a concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, followed by others at the College hall on the following evenings.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

This week marks the very last of theatricals here for the season, but as they will begin again in about two months we shall scarcely have time to forget that they have ceased. Marco & Reto's Vaudevilles have closed the season at Jacobs & Sparrow's. The variety exhibition given by this company has many entertaining features. Among them are the balancing feats by Rouclere, Marco & Reto's contortionist acts and the performance of Vanola. Business has been rather light.

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One of the most popular young men in the theatrical business in Toronto is Mr. Ambrose J. Small, for a number of years connected with the Grand Opera House and during the past season treasurer at Jacobs & Sparrow's. He is steady, enthusiastic and a hard worker and is thoroughly conversant with all the latest devices in theatricals. Rumor has it that he will soon assume a managerial position. "Andy" will sail for England early next month and intends to spends his holidays seeing some of the lions of the old world.

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Mr. Ferrers Knyvett, a former Toronto boy, who has been connected with Gus Pitou's business staff for a number of seasons, will next season manage Tommy Russell's tour in the Prince and Pauper.

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It is said that Edwin Booth has aged rapidly during the last two years. His features have grown heavy and wrinkled and he looks much older than he is.

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It appears that Charles Stevenson was very glad when his season with Bootles' Baby was finished. He says: "It's been an awful job to keep my waist in shape, what with tabooing all the good things of this life in order to keep slim and play that part, I'm heartily sick and tired of it. When I ordered my uniform from London, I sent on the size of my waist as thirty-eight inches, when it was actually forty-one. Now, thank God! I can again eat and drink what I like."

•

Premature publication of new theatrical schemes seems sometimes to work disastrously. During the past week, when it was announced that Mr. Jacobs intended to erect a new theater in Toronto, the price of real estate in certain portions of the town went up like the mercury during the hot spell. In New York also it was recently announced that a large music hall on the London plan was to be started, and immediately the prices of property mentioned in connection with it rose so high that the scheme threatens to fall through entirely.

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Minnie Palmer will appear next season in a new play called My Prima Donna.

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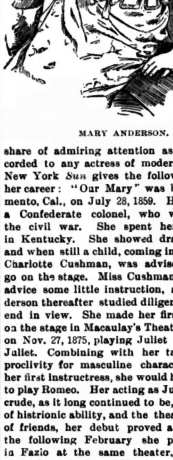
Perhaps the most notable event of the week in theatrical circles was the marriage of Mary Anderson to Antonio F. de Navarro on Tuesday morning. It has been announced that this event marks the retirement from the stage of Miss Anderson who has been a prominent figure behind the footlights for a number of years. Her great beauty, approaching a classic perfection, and the strength and purity of her methods of acting called forth from press and public as large a



MARY ANDERSON.

share of admiring attention as has been accorded to any actress of modern times. The New York *Sun* gives the following sketch of her career: "Our Mary" was born in Sacramento, Cal., on July 28, 1859. Her father was a Confederate colonel, who was killed in the civil war. She spent her early years in Kentucky. She showed dramatic tastes, and when still a child, coming in contact with Charlotte Cushman, was advised by her to go on the stage. Miss Cushman added to the advice some little instruction, and Miss Anderson thereafter studied diligently with that end in view. She made her first appearance on the stage in Macaulay's Theater, Louisville, on Nov. 27, 1875, playing Juliet in Romeo and Juliet. Combining with her tall figure the proclivity for masculine characterizations of her first instructress, she would have preferred to play Romeo. Her acting as Juliet, although crude, as it long continued to be, gave promise of histrionic ability, and the theater being full of friends, her debut proved a success. In the following February she played Bianca in Fazio at the same theater, and in the succeeding April she first played Pauline in The Lady of Lyons in the St. Louis Opera House. In the interval, following the best acquired from Miss Cushman, she played Meg Merrilies in Guy Mannering in the Varieties Theater, New Orleans, a part she subsequently dropped from her repertory. As she was then but 17, the character probably never had so young an interpreter on the regular stage. Miss Anderson, after an appearance in the California Theater, San Francisco, in August, 1876, played in McVicker's Theater, Chicago, during the following November. Having, in the meantime, played in Boston, principally in Ion, she made her first appearance in this city at the Fifth Avenue Theater on November 12, 1876. She played Pauline, which she followed with Juliet, Meg Merrilies, Evadne and Parthenia. The critics dealt gently with the crudities of her Juliet and Pauline, but in the other characters, aided by her beauty, she made pronounced successes. She went abroad in the summer of 1878, and on her return she added The Hunchback, Pygmalion and Galatea, and the Daughter of Roland to her list. She also tried Lady Macbeth, but not for long. Although capable of attracting large audiences in nearly all these characters, it was not until she appeared as Perdita, in the Winter's Tale, that she achieved her greatest success. She made her first appearance in London in the autumn of 1883, playing at the Lyceum Theater. While she held the stage at this theater Irving played in this country. Her English engagement, during which the romantic incident of Our Mary became fastened on her under the auspices of Gladstone, marked the climax of her career.

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The Advantages of Being a Woman.

The grateful Jew returns thanks in public that he was not born a woman. Many women might be equally grateful for not having been born men.

Let us consider a few of the advantages for which the fair sex comes into life, and of the troubles from which they are exempt.

Her immunities begin from an early age. The boy at school is subjected to caning for the most trivial offence. But, as the gallant M. Hector, in one of Mr. Walter Besant's novels, observes: "You can't beat girl, you can't throw rock at girl." Caning, as everyone knows, bibes knowledge after a far less painful fashion than her brother.

Again, the boy, though he is supposed to have a larger appetite than his sisters, is yet obliged to wait patiently at table till those ethereal creatures have been helped, and, moreover, to the juicier, tenderer morsels—"Ladies first" being one of the first maxims instilled into his mind.

Later on, the girl is permitted to indulge the natural vanity that governs equally the youth of either sex, to the top of her bent in the way of dress. She can choose the colors most becoming to her, and revel in the embellishments of ribbons, lace and jewelry; while the young man is restricted to the soberest hues, and can gratify his love for the beautiful in the matter of personal adornment in his choice only of neckties, of nobby canes, or at the utmost by the wearing of a flower in the buttonhole. Should he go beyond these modest limits, he is sure to be set down as flashy, or be sneered at as a masher for his pains.

Then the girl is not subject to the impertinence of being asked from the tenderest age, by every casual stranger, "what she is going to be." The arduous vocations of soldier, sailor, and the rest of them, with their various hardships, disabilities, and privations, are quite beyond her pale, and serve but to make the world more picturesque and habitable for her.

She is not called upon to risk her precious life in battle. The foe may be at the gate, the men all arming themselves to the fight (however naturally averse to danger they may be), and the woman is lauded to the skies for heroism if she but spur on her male relations to the scratch.

This advantage is hers on every perilous occasion. Should the house be attacked by burglars, she can retire and faint comfortably in the background, while the man, whether reluctantly or not, has to go forth and grapple with the armed and desperate intruder.

Nor is she expected to jump into the water to rescue anyone from drowning, as the man is, whether he can swim or not.

If, casting aside the prerogatives of her sex, she once in a way condescends to the performance of something deemed best, her name is likely to be extolled in song and story to the end of time.

In courting days it is the woman who gets the presents, who is treated to ice-creams and bonbons *ad libitum*, taken to the concert, the theater, and other places of amusement, her cavalier feeling himself only too honored in being allowed to show her these attentions, which very often have to come out of a slender purse, and to be paid for afterwards by privations on his own part.

She may play the jilt without the awful Nemesis before her of a trial for breach of promise. Or if, in some very flagrant case, the man should seek such legal redress, all he comes in for are flouts and jibes. The fair offender enlists the sympathy of the Temple Court, and the only feeling expressed is that she should ever have had anything to do with such a miserable specimen as the plaintiff.

Coming to married life, it is the husband who has to slave himself all day for the support of his wife and children, while she is free to gallivant, to indulge her heart's desires in the way of visiting and shopping, or in winter to sit by the cosy fireside with the last new novel from Mudie's, the supposing he be a poor woman with the work of the house on her shoulders, that work—whatever captious people may aver to the contrary—is not by a long way so hard as, say, navvying.

Again, should a suspicion arise at night that the hall door has been left unfastened, the gas unturned, or if any mysterious noise be heard, it is John who has to leave his warm bed, and go prowling about the premises to find perhaps that the disturbance was due only to his wife's excitable fancy.

A woman can say what she likes in the way of vituperation and reproach to any person worthy of the name without a shadow of risk. "If you were only a man" is all that he, in his impotent wrath, can exclaim—the pommeling he has escaped by virtue of her womanhood being left to the imagination.

A woman by merely raising her umbrella, can stop a car; while a man has to pelt down the whole length of a street to catch one. She has it brought to a standstill for her leisurely descent; while he, however constitutionally inactive or nervous, is expected to alight with the vehicle at full speed.

When the woman has once secured a snug corner, no one looks to her to yield it to any new arrival. True, the man does not always yield his; but then, unless utterly lost to all sense of propriety, he is troubled with twinges of compunction and embarrassment should the intruder be a woman, and is glad to feign absorption in the pages of his paper.

Next morning, too, he is very likely to chance upon some scathing letter on the growing "impoliteness" of his sex, and the "brutality" with which weak woman is treated in the present day.

Woman is exempt from the miseries of shaving. She need never scrape her chin, nor allow it to be hacked at by the unsympathetic barber; and without the smallest difficulty can present a smoother face to the world than the man, with all his efforts, can ever attain to.

She is not pestered by the garrulous talk of the hair-cutter, nor is her proud spirit brought low by his vulgar insinuations concerning the scantiness of her locks, their threatening tendency to leave her bald, and by his pressing offers of sickly-looking lotions.

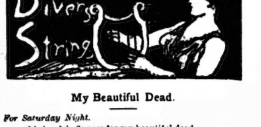
In view of these advantages, and others which it would be tedious to enumerate, we may conclude that woman is not quite so badly off as some of the sex would have us suppose.

More Than He Wanted

Angry Caller (at newspaper office)—Say, I want that little ad. I gave you two days ago—"Wanted, an electric battery in good working order"—taken out.

Advertising Clerk—What is the matter? Didn't we give it the right location?

Angry Caller—Location be dashed! The blasted ad. overdid the business. My house was struck by lightning last night!



My Beautiful Dead.

For Saturday Night.

I bring fair flowers for my beautiful dead,
Clinging clematis I strew round her head,
The blue-eyed violet, modest and sweet,
'Neath scented hills hide her chiselled feet.

Pale lilies languish coldly caressed
In the snowy vale of her marble breast;
While languorous roses from Eastern lands
Die of perfume in her ivory hands.

I bring fair gifts for my beautiful dead,
With a wreath of woodbine I crown her head,
Where the silken girdle clasps her waist
I lay my tribute of blossoms chaste.

Ah, my beautiful dead, while thou didst live,
Out of my wealth I forgot to give,
'Tis true of my gold thou didst command,
But not the loving touch of my hand.

In the cruel struggle for increased wealth
I often forgot my better self,
You pined for love in the restless fight
As flowers fade for the heat and light.

You never murmured your hidden pain,
As my heart grew hard in its grasp for gain,
The flowers then which I give you now
Had smoothed Time's wrinkles from off thy brow.

A gentle word in love's tremulous tone
Had kept the roses which since have blown,
Had flowers then round thee their perfume shed
Thou hadst now been living, my beautiful dead.

D. E. D.

A Whole Soul.

For Saturday Night.

He was a little fellow,
Five feet and an inch or so,
Tae reason he was not taller,
He used to tell us,
Was because he did not grow
He had acquired a habit,
Which is rather rare forsooth,
(At least in these days,
Seems to have grown old-fashioned)
Of always telling the truth.
He hadn't much to live on,
The best men seldom do;
But what little th it he did have
(He was not stingy with the Lord)
Was divided up in two.
We all confi'ed in him
From the o d down to the young;
And as you will notice
In such cases, about himself
He held his tongue.
The children used to smile at him
Half way down the street,
The very hudest people
Had time to talk
When they would meet;
And because he was so kindly
And followed the Golden Rule
They called hi a "the least bit soft."
I think an angel in our midst
We'd likely dub a "fool."
Well he died, of course, quite young,
(Men always do like him)
And the world goes on the same;
But whenever his name is mentioned
Some eye grows dim.

CARRIE LOUISE MUNSON.

To A Dandelion.

For Saturday Night.

How like a daisy dipped in molten gold
The vagrant dandelion gleams among
The grass upon the lawn; so clear, so bright,
In richest contrast its color gay,
The gold above the green. Fair floral emblem
Of all that pale humanity doth struggle for,
How little prized ye are because so few
Are they who may not pluck ye from your bed!
Oh beauteous coinage of the morn's first beam
'Tis meet that some should miser up your wealth
Profusely strewn as by a spendthrift hand;
We view thy beauty yet so seldom think
Of His kind care who decked thee for our eyes.
Fit type of Gold, which lures man into pains
And serious cares which charge his o'erwrought life;
He seeks, pursues, yes grasps the glittering prize
And glorifying Gratitude within him dies.

The Wedding Ring.

(The pawnbroker declared it was too light—a mere trifle—to be worth anything.)

Feebly, timidly she entered,
As if driven against her will;
Yet her eyes and thoughts were centered
On the clause which brought her, still
From her hand—a soft white finger—
Drew she now a battered ring.
Loose it was, but seemed to linger
Like a feeling, sentient thing.

"How much? well it's worn and dented."
[True, it was by baby's tooth;]
Now she finished and even repented—
Poor, pale mother! old in youth!
"Come, no time have I to trifle.
What! one dollar? 'Tis too light."
Tears and sobs she aims to stifle—
Baby must have food to-night.

Once this golden circlet heavy
Far outweighed the world with her;
But when hunger came to levy,
Mammon scoffed its worshiper.
"Give me what you will—I'll take it;
Baby's father cannot know;
His dead heart—we cannot break it—
God! we sufferers here be low."

Did she then recall the hour
When in holy church this token
Bound her fast with love's own power,
Claiming faith by words unspoken?
Nothing had time left to barter
For the bread that hunger craves;
Nothing else poor mother marter;
Woman last this emblem saves.

Tender eyes on hers are beaming;
Hope in bridal garb with pride,
While on future days both dreaming,
Went forth bridegroom and his bride.
Long the grave had claimed her lover;
Poverty and toil she knew;
Phantom shapes about her hover,
With a babe's face peering through.

Then the broker gazed and grumbled
At his bargain worn and thin,
While the mother sad and humbled
Turned her eyes her soul within.
Gone her wedding ring—last treasure
Save his child of joy her part;
Nothing left to strain or measure
But the blood drops from her heart.

ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON *in the Mercury.*

Noted People.

The erratic weather prophet, Prof. Wiggins, now threatens Italy with a tremendous earthquake.

The State of Wisconsin rejoices in the possession of a United States marshal named General Ginty, who weighs 300 pounds.

Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, the mother of the Irish agitator, has been voted a pension of six hundred dollars a year by the United States House of Representatives.

The King of Sweden recently received a letter from a young farmer who had been drafted for military service, begging his majesty to release him and let him join his relatives in America, who had just sent him a passage-ticket. The king did so.

Charles Dickens, we are now informed, was more proud of his skill in manufacturing gin-punch than of being the author of all his great works. Wilkie Collins once said that, next to an apple-pudding, he knew nothing more agreeable than this punch.

Senator Hearst's Washington house contains seventy rooms. So far $170,000 has been spent in furnishing it, and this is said to be only a beginning. Thirty years ago the senator occupied an attic room in a Missouri farmhouse, where he was working for his board.

Erskine Williams, a little ten-year-old artist, is the latest addition to the infant prodigy corps. His father is a London sign painter, whose house is filled with specimens of his gifted son's work. He works with great rapidity and produces correct likenesses of those about him.

Max O'Rell sends word from London to New York: "The first news that met me on arriving here was that your Congress had killed the Copyright Bill. I expected it, and so did the American people, who have some knowledge but no respect for the men who make their laws in Congress."

Dr. Mary Walker is hopelessly crippled for life. The fall given her a year ago has produced lung trouble, and her days are nearly numbered. She is living in Washington, near the Capitol, on C street, and receives only a few old friends. Her will continues to assert itself, and she is her own physician.

The ex-Emperor Dom Pedro is going to reside near Vienna for the future, he having no hopes of being sent for to hold the reins of office again. It may be a little late to say so, but it would appear that the downfall of Dom Pedro was due largely to his being more of a student than a King. In other words, he did not reign but he pored.

The four-year-old King of Spain now dispenses with his nurse at his official receptions. He recognizes that at four years a monarch must be dignified. He sits on the throne by the side of his affectionate mother, and tries to look pleased with the gorgeously-dressed nobles, soldiers, statesmen and diplomatists who defile before him to pay their respects. He has grown a great deal lately.

A rich Bostonian, Mr. Franklin W. Smith, has built at Saratoga an exact copy of a Pompeilan villa, his model being the famous House of Pansa. Mr. Smith's intention has been to build a museum where the splendid decorative art of the first century could be thoroughly studied, and where the environment of great Roman nobles could be illustrated, from the lares and penates to the utensils of the kitchen.

Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria, has resumed the gratuitous treatment of eye diseases among the Tyrolese poor at Meran, and during May he successfully performed 170 operations, of which 55 were for cataract. The duke studied at Munich, Vienna, and Berlin; and his skill, no less than his benevolence, is so renowned that he attracts to his hospital poor people from Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, who travel long distances to be treated.

Dr. Stellwag of Vienna, recently told his students in class that some years ago, when Dom Pedro wished to found a hospital, he hit upon the expedient of ennobling any citizen who would contribute a certain sum to the hospital fund. Half of Rio was found to desire a title: money poured in; and when the hospital was finished, the Emperor ordered to be sculptured above its gates, "Vanitas Humana Miseriæ Humana" (Human vanity to human misery).

Judge Joseph Cox told a Cincinnati paper that Gen. Sherman said to him once: "Cox, a mule is the easiest animal to ride in the world. I always preferred to ride one during the war. In a picture representing the burning of Atlanta the artist has me seated on a fiery steed, with fury in his eyes, etc., while the houses are burning and the soldiers are tearing up the railroad iron. Well, I was there, but I was not on a prancing horse, but I was straddle of a plain, common, everyday mule."

Says *Modern Society:* Despite rumors to the contrary it is quite on the cards that before long the Prince of Wales may leave Marlborough House. The Queen, it is said, has offered Kensington Palace to him, and he will find there more ample accommodation than Marlborough House affords. Should the Prince accept the offer made him of Kensington Palace, the *train de maison* of His Royal Highness would at once become more imposing and splendid; indeed, semi-regal, and the private gentleman style of living which he has enjoyed at Marlborough House be abandoned.

Mr. Leonard K. Wilson, who has just been appointed private secretary to the King of the Belgians, has been acting in the same capacity to Mr. Henry M. Stanley for some time. Mr. Wilson met the explorer when he came through Cairo on his way home. He had been spending some months in Egypt for his health, and, hearing that Stanley wanted a secretary, he seized the opportunity, offered himself, and was accepted. Mr. Wilson is quite young, is a man of good address and amiable manners, and is possessed of considerable linguistic powers. As private secretary to the King of the Belgians, he will find these attainments useful, while the information he has picked up while with Stanley should stand him in good stead.

The Most Romantic Episode of English History.

THE commemoration of May 29 to celebrate the escapes of a King, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, is likely to be obliterated by the future May Day celebrations of the emancipation of labor. Yet to the historical dilettante or novelist, and perhaps the old-fashioned rural teller of fables, if any such still survive, the story of Prince Charles' escape after the battle of Worcester will ever be an attractive one. As has been already said, "It is the most romantic episode of English history." The gay prince, jovial even in misfortune, the sturdy brothers Penderel, faithful if needs be unto death, the pertinacious Dame Joan, the sentimental yet truly courageous Jane Lane, are all characters true to life, and yet, equally truly, ready-made for a novel.

The central interest of the story generally culminates in Boscobel and its Royal Oak, though many a subsequent adventure affords food for romance. Standing in some quiet fields amidst a woodland country on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire, Boscobel was originally a hunting lodge in the Brewood forest of the Giffards of Chillington, but in the time of the wars of the Commonwealth it was in the occupation of William Penderel, as bailiff of the Giffards, with his wife Joan. Another Penderel brother, Humphrey, lived at White Ladies, a manor farm attached to an old convent, the ruins of which still stand dreamily in a secluded meadow a mile or two from Boscobel. Richard Penderel, the third brother, better known as "Trusty Dick," lived also hard by in the forest.

THE ROYAL OAK.

Boscobel House is a moderate-sized manor-house of the familiar black and white timbered type with picturesque gables. Woods creep up towards it on two sides, but in front the famous oak stands on a bare sloping field in monarchical isolation. A shade of disappointment may flit across the ardent tourist's face as he gazes up at this somewhat firm and stiff-branched tree. It has none of the gnarled and rugged grandeur of many an unnoted old oak. "Can it be the identical tree?" a chill doubt murmurs, but the Shropshire mind can scarcely comprehend such modern scepticism. Whether it be the original tree or only a substitute grafted on to the same spot, much as the more prosaic Hanoverian dynasty has grafted itself on to the Stuart's throne, may be left to conjecture. Harrison Ainsworth, in Boscobel, tells us that it was "a giant oak, standing apart from its fellows so as to be able to spread abroad its mighty arms. Though it must have been centuries old, it seemed in full vigor. Its trunk was enormous. It had not, however, grown to a great height, but had spread laterally." Charles himself, not having had the advantage of Ainsworth's information, told Pepys that "it was a great oak, lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out very bushy and thick, could not be seen through; and here we stayed all day."

After this adventure Charles betook himself, under the guidance of Trusty Dick, to the woods, where for a whole day he lay *perdu* in such pouring rain that the Puritan troopers were driven off from searching the wood. "A remarkable thing enough," said the king many years afterwards, "since those with whom I have since spoken did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, thus contributing to my safety." His first hiding-place was in a closet off the dining-room, built out into the big chimney-stack seen from the front. From this closet a trap-door leads to a turret staircase down to a door leading into the garden, then entirely concealed with ivy (see initial), whence Charles could escape to the forest. A rumor of a renewed visit by the troopers forced Charles and his friend, Major Careless, to take refuge in the oak selected by Trusty Dick, where they lay all day in hiding within hearing of the troopers, until Charles fell asleep with his head on Careless' lap, tired out with watching and hunger. For other adventures in the oak readers must refer to Ainsworth's revised version, as these seem not to be mentioned in the authorized version dictated by Charles to Pepys. Boscobel being once more free from intruders, Charles returned to a hearty supper prepared by Dame Joan, in which the prince too, is said to have had a hand. On the following night he once more left his hospitable shelter, and set out, under the escort of the faithful Penderels, for Moseley Hall, whence he joined Dame Jane Lane's party, under whose guidance, in the guise of her servant, he safely reached Bristol, and subsequently Lyme, after many adventures.

It is satisfactory to know that the Penderels were not forgotten when Charles "came to his own." We hear of Trusty Dick as being atached to the Court where he recounted the *bons mots* which the King had let off in the Forest. Royal perpetual pensions were bestowed on all the family, and may be yet escaping the eagle eye of financial reformers. "Trusty Dick" was buried with honors at St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The tomb of Jane Lane adorns Wolverhampton Church.

The present owners of Boscobel keep the house in good repair and carefully preserve such relics as the chair and table shown in the sketch; all is open for the inspection of visitors. Certainly a study of Boscobel and its surroundings is well worthy of interest.

Mr. Ferguson's Maiden Political Speech.

Mr. Ferguson allowed himself to get terribly excited the evening before the election.

The hotel being crowded, Ferguson and I had separate beds in the same room. He talked politics until he fell asleep. He woke me up during the night, and this is what I heard:

Gentlemen—On behalf of a large and influential body of men. I base to bring before this House a measure of equal rights and justice. I hold petitions in my hand from commercial travelers, railway conductors and steamboat men. Are you aware, gentlemen, that several thousand of these people, whose business takes them from home and are entitled to vote, are practically disfranchised! They cannot afford to return home to vote, consequently they lose a privilegé that all men in this country are entitled to. This is a question on which both sides of the House should agree and try to find a remedy. A measure of this kind, I believe, has passed the Imperial Parliament. There are several schemes proposed, but I am not in a position to lay them before you tonight. One is that a suitably-situated polling place be provided, and the officials attend on the Saturday and Monday previous to the general election. In Toronto alone this would add a couple of thousand votes; to a certain extent the same may be said of Hamilton, London and other commercial, railway and steamboat centers. It may be difficult to frame a bill that will work satisfactorily, but in justice to so large and influential a body it should receive the careful consideration of this House. Another scheme is voting by mail. The ballot to be enclosed in a sealed envelope; that to be again enclosed and mailed to their respective polling places on day of election. Just here I shook up Ferguson and asked him if he knew what he was talking about. He said: "I was dreaming that I was a member of parliament and was doing something for the men on the road." After this I got to sleep. In the morning Ferguson looked as though he had been making a night of it. Anyway he still maintains that his "little dream" should go through. It's a great scheme if it can be worked. Ferguson says he was on a train on election day. There were twenty votes and not one polled. TOM SWALWELL.

Test Him.

If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it out of his mouth to watch the curl of smoke in the air, set him down as an easy-going man. Beware of the man who never releases his grip on the cigar, and is indifferent whether it burns or not; he is cool, calculating and exacting. The man that smokes a bit, rests a bit, and fumbles the cigar more or less, is easily affected by circumstances. If the cigar goes out frequently, the smoker has a whole-souled disposition, is a "half fellow well met" with a lively brain, a glib tongue, and generally a fund of capital anecdotes. A nervous man who fumbles his cigar a great deal, is a sort of popinjay among men. Holding the cigar constantly between his teeth, chewing it occasionally and not caring if it be lighted at all are the characteristics of men who have the tenacity of bulldogs. The fop stands his cigar on end, and an experienced smoker points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course.

BOSCOBEL HOUSE.

Youth Wanted.

A lady of fashion of advanced age required the services of a page boy, and advertised: Youth Wanted. One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth, a flaxen wig, and a cake of iodine soap.

A Comforting Reflection.

A good-natured spinster used to boast that she always had two good beaux—they were elbows.

The March of Civilization.

Interpreter—Chief Wangbo wants no more beads and brass wire; he says you can not cross his country unless you agree to pay his price.

American Explorer—What does he want?

Interpreter—Two-thirds of the royalties on your next book.—*Puck.*

About Friendship.

Friendship has been recently called a fine art, but the designation is, I think, most inaccurate. Skill in any art involves labor, study, delicate manipulation, and a special aptitude, without which all labor is in vain. Art does not necessarily demand any moral quality. It is a gift which has been possessed in an exalted degree by men whose characters were far from noble. Friendship, on the other hand, belongs more to the heart than to the intellect, and it may exist between men whose taste and faculties are widely different. Often it is a growth the cause of which is not explicable; at other times the attachment may be sudden, like falling in love; but a sudden friendship, especially among young people, is likely to go down in the storms of life, leaving not a wrack behind.

The love of friends is most secure when it has been cemented by sacrifice, and it is generally warmest on the side of the man or woman who makes the sacrifice. Truly does the son of Sirach say that "a faithful friend is the medicine of life;" and assuredly there is no more fatal poison than a false one! A young man has to be cautioned against rash friendships; but, when once assured that his choice of a friend is wise, he should adopt the counsel of Polonius, and "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel."

Friendship is a topic dear to the schoolboy essayist, and it is one still more dearly beloved by his sister. In the young days of life every David has his Jonathan, every Damon his Pythias; and Sydney Carton' noble sacrifice scarcely seems an extraordinary act of virtue. We swear eternal fidelity, and mean to be faithful. There is no sorrow to a warmhearted youth equal to the grief he feels on finding his friend neglectful or insincere, and Cæsar could scarcely have felt the blow more when he cried out *Et tu, Brute!*

As we grow older we grow more callous, and disperse our affections more widely. Love steps in to interfere with friendship, and marriage breaks many a tie. The probability is that the boy who was ready to give all his possessed to his friend at sixteen will grudge him a tenpound note at twenty-six, while the girl who sheds bitter tears on parting with "the sweetest creature in the world" will find some years later that the dress and manners of her school idol are altogether intolerable. Friendship is a delicate thing, and has been even known to wither on the appearance of a clumsily cut coat or a tasteless dress.

Happily there is a friendship that grows stronger with age, and is fortified by obstacles. Many a beautiful instance of it is recorded in literature, and the poets, true to the noblest instincts of our nature, have crowned it with their praise. The honor we yield to it is evident from the contempt felt for the man who has proved a faithless friend. The indelible stain left on the fair fame of Lord Bacon is far less due to his corruption than to his treatment of Essex.

There is a feeling of devotion akin to friendship that is even nobler still. Sir Walter Scott, whose noble nature could appreciate what was truly great in all sorts and conditions of men, gives two fine instances of it. One of them is in Ivanhoe, where Gurth Cedric's jester offers his master the means of escape from prison at the risk of his own life, and the other is in Waverley, where the poor Highlander, Evan MacIvor, who, with his chieftain Fergus, is about to be condemned to death, addresses the Judge as follows:

"I was only arranging to say, my lord, that if your excellent honor and the honorable court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just once, and let him get back to France and out of trouble King George's Government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich I'll fetch them up to ye myself, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man." A sort of laugh arose in the court at this proposal, upon which Evan, looking sternly around, said: "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life or the life of six of my degree is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Highlandman nor the honor of a gentleman."

The question has often been raised whether there can be a close friendship between a man and woman without love; but surely this dépends entirely on the circumstances of the case. Mere friendship between a Romeo and a Juliet would be impossible, but men and women who have passed the heyday of youth, and enjoy the familiarity of old acquaintance, will often prove the best of friends. The large sympathy of the woman corrects the colder judgment of the man. Dr. Johnson, who, by the way, set a high value upon this kind of friendship, and was almost as dependent on female society as Samuel Richardson, used to say that, considering the uncertainty of life, a man should keep his friendships in repair, which is surely not an easy thing to do. After a certain age it is difficult to gain new friends, and if a kind of fellowship is spontaneously kindled, it contains warmth in it. Johnson, who wrote an ode on friendship:

> The noble mind's delight and pride,
> To relieve distress and anguish cry,
> To all the lower world denied—

would have agreed with the well-known saying that we bear our friend's troubles with great equanimity. "If you had a friend hanged, would you eat your dinner that day?" asked inquisitive Boswell. "Yes, Sir," Johnson replied, "and eat it as if he were eating it with me;" but the sage liked to exaggerate, especially when Bozzy piled him with questions, and it may be said of him with greater truth than it was said of Pope that there was no man who had a tenderer heart for his friends.

> Friendship is constant in all other things
> Save in the office and affairs of love,

says Shakespeare, and certainly these affairs do put a great strain upon it. To love a woman passionately and to renounce her in favor of a friend is a piece of superhuman virtue to which the male sex is not equal. Girls have been known, indeed, to sacrifice their love on the altar of friendship, but one doesn't like them the better for doing so. They meant well, but they did ill, for love, once bestowed, is not transferable at pleasure. It may be sweet, dear lady, to break your heart for the sake of a friend, but what if that friend lives to break your lover's heart? This, however, is a difficult question, and, happily, one that rarely needs to be answered, since the romance of friendship is to be found, nowadays, chiefly in novels. —*Illustrated News of the World.*

Soaking Himself.

A well-known West Sider tells a good story on his uncle, an old farmer who lives out in the interior of the State, who paid him a visit last week. The old man had been in the city for two or three days, seeing the sights and taking phenomenal long walks that would have tired out anything but a street car horse or a farmer who had followed a plow more or less all his life. On Thursday evening he came home after one of these long tramps and sinking into an easy chair, turned to his nephew and said: "By the great horn spoon, Ned, the town gets bigger every day! Why, gol durn it, I've been y'ere nigh on ter a week now and dun nuthin' but walk, an' I'm dod gasted if I've kivered a quarter on it!"

"Don't you feel tired, uncle?" asked the young man.

"Tired, wall, I'm pretty nigh fagged out fur certain. Do you know what I'd like to do, Ned? I'd just like to be on the old place now fur 'bout ten minutes wha' I cud peel off my harness clean down to the hide and jist wallow in the horse trough. It makes the finest place to take a souse ye ever seen in yer life, an' ef I ever move inter town to live I'm jest goin' ter have one in the back yard, so'se I kin put myself to soak once in a while."

"It won't be necessary for you to go out to the farm, uncle, just to take a bath, for we have a splendid bath tub in the house with hot and cold water," replied the young man.

"Yes, I s'pose ye hav' gut a wash tub that I cud use, but they haint big enough for comfort. They're round and uncomfortable an' ye can't lay down to it. I allers used to use one o' your aunt Matildy's wash tubs an' kinder enjoyed it after I happened ter try this ole horse trough, an' thin the wash tub was nowhere."

"But I don't mean a wash tub, uncle, I mean a regular bath tub with hot and cold water, a tub as large if not larger than your horse trough on the farm."

"No! Gw tub fur washin' yerself an' nothin' else?"

"Why, certainly, is that strange?"

"Du tell! Why, I never hearn tell o' sich a thing! Let me see it, will ye?"

The young man took his uncle up to the bath-room, initiated him into the mysteries of the hot and cold water faucets, showed him how the connection was made between the spray hose and the faucet and left him in high glee preparing to "jest everlastingly soure himself."

For fully an hour nothing was heard from the bath-room but snorting, grunting and splashing and the young man was beginning to think that his uncle was going to wash up enough ahead to last the balance of the season, when he was nearly lifted off his feet by a blood-curdling yell that seemed to come from the bath-room. He listened for a second and again the atmosphere was disturbed by a voice crying, "Help! Pull it off! H-e-l-p!"

The young man ran to the bath-room as fast as a pair of No. 9 feet could carry him and bursting open the door he beheld a sight that would have made a corpse laugh. There stood his uncle trying to shake off the spray nozzle of the bath hose which was playing a spray of cold water over his naked person and which he seemed unable to control. As the nephew turned off the water, the old man sank back in the water nearly exhausted, exclaiming the while:

"Pat dod gasted rubber snake cum allfired nigh drowning me, Ned!"

"How did it happen, uncle?" asked the young man as he uncoupled the hose and hung it up, stuffing a towel in his mouth meantime to keep from laughing.

"Wall, yer see," said the old man as he gasped for breath, "I'd been in the water flounderin' about like a catfish for some time an' had scrubbed myself nigh to the bone, when my eye caught sight o' that infernal rubber pipe. Thinks I, so long as it's free, I'll jest try it a heat, anyhow, ter see what it's like, and screwed it onter the water spout as you showed me. Then I turned on the water full head, an' b'gosh the blamed nozzle jest hunted out all the tender spots on my 'natomy an' set to work to bore holes in me."

"Why didn't you try to get out of its way?"

"Git out of its way! Good land o' goshun, why I did try! I tried to crawl out over the side o' the tub an' the critter followed me an' swatted me in the face till I thought I'd drown, then I grabbed it by the neck an' tried to choke the life outen it, but it was no use, fur the thing jest kept right on hammerin' me in the face, an' I'll bet a yoke o' steers that my lungs is full o' water."

"Couldn't you turn off the water, uncle?" inquired the nephew, as the old man stopped to cough.

"Now, Ned, why do ye ask such foolish questions? I started once to turn off the water an' stepped on the pipe an' the result were that the thing turned like a snake an' sent a stream of icewater over my bare back that nearly made me turn back summersault. No, sir," continued the old man as he climbed out and grabbed a towel, "these new fangled bath tubs is all right for you town people, but I'll take the old horse trough fur mine every time 'cept in winter, when I postpone bathing till warm weather sets in."—*Peck's Sun.*

Beware of a purely intellectual life. This is not a think-world merely, it is a real world.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"DEATH HAS RELEASED YOU FROM YOUR PROMISE."

The voyage across the Atlantic proved to be a most delightful one.

Vane Cameron and Ralph Hawley's party, and were so entertaining and attentive that they all congratulated themselves upon having secured so pleasant an addition to their company.

By the time they reached England, Vane Cameron had surrendered his hitherto impregnable heart entirely to Violet, and when he bade Mrs. Hawley and her charges good-by, after seeing them comfortably established in the hotel where they were to remain during their sojourn in London, he asked the privilege of bringing his mother—who had arrived from England by several months—to make their acquaintance.

This was an honor which Mrs. Hawley had hardly anticipated; she knew the exclusive proclivities of British blue blood, and was highly elated by the prospect of being introduced into London society by Isabel, only child of the late Earl of Sutherland.

It is needless to state that she graciously accorded the young man the privilege he asked, and delightfully looked forward to the promised visit.

She had not long to wait, for before the week was out Lady Isabel, accompanied by her son, came to make her call, and she appeared to be no less attracted by the beauty and winning manner of Violet than young Cameron had been.

Mrs. Hawley made herself exceedingly agreeable by her courtesy and self-possession, and before she left it was arranged that her ladyship would give a reception at an early date for the purpose of introducing her new acquaintances to London society.

After that there followed a whirl of pleasure and excitement such as Violet and Nellie had read about, but never expected to enjoy.

Mr. Henderson and the young earl, as he was now commonly recognized, attended them everywhere, until it began to be remarked in select circles that the son was likely to follow the example of his mother by marrying a wealthy American.

Mrs. Hawley's reports to Mrs. Mencke of all this were highly satisfactory, and the worldly sister congratulated herself that she had sent Violet abroad instead of insisting upon her going to Canada.

She had neither seen nor heard anything of young Richardson since Violet's departure, although Mr. Mencke had tried to post himself regarding his movements. All he could learn, however, was that he had left Cincinnati a few weeks after Violet sailed, but no one could tell him whither he had gone.

This was something of a relief, although the Mencke's would have been glad to know for sure, him, for a dim suspicion that he might have followed Violet haunted them.

The young girl expected to hear from her every soon after reaching London, but three weeks went by, and not one had she received. She was getting very anxious and impatient, but of course she did not dare to betray anything of the feeling, and so strove to bear her disappointment with as bold a front as possible.

She, however, faithfully wrote to Wallace every two or three days, and in each letter mentioned the fact that she had not heard from him, and begged him not to keep her longer in suspense.

She imagined that she exercised great care in sending her letters so that Mrs. Hawley would not suspect the correspondence, for she went down to the hotel letter-box to post every one with her own hands.

But Mrs. Hawley had received orders from Mrs. Mencke to intercept all such missives, and she, in turn, gave instructions to the hotel clerk that all epistles addressed to "Wallace Richardson, Cincinnati, Ohio," be returned to her.

Thus the lovers never heard one word from each other—though to the woman's credit, be it said, if there was any blame, she, she conscientiously burned every letter, unopened, for she was secretly very fond of Violet, and could not bring herself to wrong her still further by perusing the sacred expressions of her loving little heart, or the fond words which Wallace intended only for her eye.

But Violet, though another week was not find much time to indulge her grief, for she was kept in such a constant round of excitement. Several times Nellie awoke in the night to find her weeping, but, upon inquiring the cause of her tears, Violet would either avoid a direct reply, or allow her friend to attribute her grief to homesickness.

One day, about six weeks after Mrs. Hawley and her party reached London, everyone appeared very much surprised by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Mencke at the same hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawley alone were in the secret of their coming, but they did not betray the fact in their greeting, and Violet, though she met her sister affectionately, was at heart very much annoyed by her coming.

Mrs. Mencke and Mrs. Hawley improved the first opportunity to have a long, confidential talk upon all that had occurred during the period of their separation, and the former was fairly jubilant over her friend's success of the Earl of Sutherland's attentions to Violet.

"An English earl!" she exclaimed, with a glowing face. "That is positively bewildering. And you think that Violet likes him?"

"She cannot help liking him," responded Mrs. Hawley; "for he is such a way that is perfectly irresistible. As I wrote to you, he is a good deal older than she is, and he possesses a quiet dignity, and a certain masterful manner that carries everything before it."

"If he will only prove himself masterful enough to conquer Violet's will and make her marry him, I shall be too proud and thankful to contain myself," said Mrs. Mencke, earnestly.

"It is very evident that he intends to do so if he can," returned her friend; "and we must leave no opportunity unimproved to help him in his wooing. We must keep Violet so busy with engagements that she will have no time to think about her cousin Wallace."

Two more weeks passed, and still Violet did not hear from Wallace, and the secret suspense and anxiety were beginning to tell visibly upon her.

She lost color and spirit, and but for the fear of exciting suspicion, she would have refused to mingle in the gay scenes which were becoming wearisome to her.

There was still a ceaseless round of pleasure, receptions, parties, operas, and theaters, and everywhere the party was attended by the two young gentlemen who had become so deeply enamored of the beautiful American girls.

Violet tried her best to resist the force of the stream that seemed to be hurrying her on whither she would not go, but without avail; for Vane Cameron was always at her side, and everybody appeared to take it for granted that he had a right to be there, while it became evident to Violet that he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to declare himself her lover.

What she dreaded came at last.

They all attended the opera one evening, and a brilliant appearance they made as they sat in one of the proscenium boxes. But Violet did not enjoy the performance, and could not follow it; her thoughts would go back to that fateful day when her life was saved by the coolness and determination of Wallace Richardson. From that moment her soul had seemed to become linked to his by some mysterious and indissoluble bond.

All through the brilliant performance she sat absorbed, feeling sad, depressed and inexpressibly anxious, and looking like some pale, beautiful spirit in her white dress trimmed with swan's down, that was scarcely less colorless than herself.

Lord Cameron thought he had never seen her so lovely, but he realized that something was not quite right with her, and, though he had received Mrs. Mencke's request not to speak when he would, he resolved not to trouble her that night with any expression of his affection.

After their return to the hotel, Mrs. Mencke followed Violet to her room, pride and triumph written upon every line of her face.

"Have you anything to tell me, Violet?" she asked, a tremulous eagerness in her tones.

"No; what could you imagine that I should have to tell you?" the young girl replied, regarding her with surprise.

"What ails you, Violet?" Mrs. Mencke asked, with a sudden heart-throb, as she noticed her unusual pallor. "Are you sick? Has—anything happened?"

"No, I am not sick," Violet answered, with a heavy sigh; "and what could happen that you would not know about?"

"I know what I wish would happen," returned her sister, eagerly, "and what Lord Cameron wishes, too. He had eyes for no one but you to-night, and I must say I never saw you look so pretty before. Your dress is just exquisite, and it cost a heap of money, too; but that counts for nothing in comparison with the conquest you have made.

Violet could not fail to understand what all this meant. She blushed hotly, and nervously began to pull off her gloves.

Mrs. Mencke smiled at the blush; it was ominous for good, she thought.

"You comprehend, I perceive," she said, airily; "you know that you have captured a prize—that the Earl of Sutherland is already waiting to offer you a name and position such as does not fall to the lot of one girl in ten thousand."

"Nonsense, Belle! I wish you would not talk so to me about Lord Cameron," Violet petulantly exclaimed.

"It is not nonsense, child, for Vane Cameron has formally proposed for your hand in marriage—has asked Will's and my consent to win you if he can."

"Belle!"

Violet turned upon her sister, crimson to the roots of her hair, blank dismay written upon every feature of her face.

"It is true," Mrs. Mencke continued, "and it is wonderful luck for you. Just think, Violet, what it means to be thought such a position! I am proud of your conquest."

Violet suddenly grew cold and pale as snow.

"Belle, you know it can never be," she began, with white lips when Mrs. Mencke interrupted her angrily.

"It can be—it must be—it shall be; for I have given my unqualified consent to your ship's proposal," she cried, actually trembling from excitement.

"Belle, you have not dared to do such a thing! You know that I am promised to another." the young girl cried, with blazing eyes.

A queer look shot over Mrs. Mencke's face at this reply, and she opened her lips as if to make some sharp, unguarded retort. Then she suddenly checked herself, and after a moment, remarked, in a repressed tone:

"You know well enough that foolish escapade of yours counts for nothing, and that young Richardson has no right to hold you bound by such a promise you may have impulsively given him from a feeling of gratitude."

"I hold myself bound, nevertheless," Violet returned, with tremulous lips, "and not from any feeling of gratitude either; but because I love him with all my heart.

"You shall never marry him," retorted her sister, angrily. "Are you mad to think of throwing away such a chance as this for a low-born fellow like that? It is madness to be thought of for one moment; and, Violet, you shall marry Vane Cameron."

"Take care, Belle, you are going a little too far now," Violet cried, a dangerous flame leaping into her eyes. "I shall not marry Lord Cameron. I have given my word to Wallace, and I shall abide by it."

"Violet!" cried her sister, sternly, and she was now as white as the snowy lace about her neck, "there shall be no more of this child's play. You shall not ruin your life for so such foolishness. What will Vane Cameron think of me for granting him the permission he craved? It was equivalent to admitting that he would find no obstacle in his path. What could you tell him?"

"The truth—that I do not love him; that I do love some one else," bravely and steadfastly returned the young girl.

"You shall not! I should die with mortification and disappointment," cried Mrs. Mencke, wringing her hands in distress. Then bridling again, she went on in an inflexible tone, "I will give you just one week to reconsider your folly; I will intimate to Lord Cameron that you are a little shy of the subject—that it will be just as well for him to wait a year for perhaps a couple of weeks; but—hear me, Violet!—if you refuse to come to my terms at the end of that time, I will take you to France and shut you up in a convent, where you shall stay until you will solemnly promise me that you will give up your miserable Yankee lover."

She turned and abruptly left the room without giving Violet a chance to reply.

Violet stood still a moment, looking wretched enough to break one's heart; then throwing herself upon her bed, she gave way to a passion of tears and sobbing.

"Oh, Wallace, where are you?" she moaned, "why don't you write to me? I feel as if I was being lured into a trap, and"—with a sudden light seeming to burst upon her—"I believe they have been intercepting our letters, for I know that you would be faithful to me. Oh, I am homesick for you, and now that Belle and Will have come I know they will not let me go back at the end of three months. What shall I do? Of course I cannot marry Lord Cameron, and I shall tell him the truth if he asks me."

She lay for a long time trying to think of some way out of her troubles. At last, when she had become more calm, she arose, exchanged her beautiful evening dress for a plain morning one, and sitting down to Wallace, filling him all about her perplexity and suspicions, begging him to send her some news of himself, and entreating him not to forget Nellie.

Not having received any of his letters, she of course did not know that he had removed from Cincinnati; therefore she directed her letter as usual, and, of course, he never got it; although she slyly posted it in the letter-box on one of the public buildings of the city while she was out sight-seeing the next day.

At the end of a week Mrs. Mencke sought Violet and renewed the subject of Vane Cameron's proposal.

"I wish you would let me alone about that, Belle," the young girl responded, wearily. "It is useless for you to try to change my decision—I have myself pledged to Wallace, and only death will ever release me from it, for if I live to go home I shall redeem it."

"But is your ultimatum, is it?" demanded her sister, with a face as hard as adamant.

"Yes."

"Then you oblige me to communicate a fact which, for several reasons, I should have preferred to withhold from you," said Mrs. Mencke, bending a strange look upon her.

"What do you mean?" Violet inquired, startled by her manner.

"Death has released you from your promise to that fellow—read that," was the stunning reply, as the woman drew a paper from her pocket and, laying it before Violet, pointed to a marked paragraph.

"Belle!" came in a low, shuddering voice from the blanched lips of the bewildered girl before her, as she seemed instinctively to know what was printed there.

"Read," commanded Mrs. Mencke, relentlessly.

With hands that shook like leaves in the wind, Violet picked up the paper. It was the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and she read with a look of horror on her young face:

"Died, on the 25th instant, Wallace Richardson, aged 23 years and 6 months.

Lord Cameron thought he had never seen her so lovely, but he realized that something was not quite right with her, and, though he had received Mrs. Mencke's request not to speak when he would, he resolved not to trouble her that night with any expression of his affection.

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The next moment a piercing shriek rang through the room and Violet lay stretched senseless at her sister's feet.

"Heavens! I did not think she would take it to heart like this," cried the now thoroughly frightened woman, as she threw herself upon her knees beside the motionless girl and began to loosen her clothing and chafe her hands.

That heart-broken cry had been heard in the adjoining room, and Mrs. Hawley and Nellie came rushing upon the scene to ascertain the cause of it.

They assisted in getting Violet to bed, and a physician was immediately sent for.

"She has had some sudden and violent shock," he said at once, while he regarded Mrs. Mencke searchingly.

"Yes," she confessed, with as much composure as her guilty conscience would allow her to assume; "she read an account of the death of a—a friend, in an American newspaper."

"Hem!" was the medical man's brief comment, as he again turned his attention to his patient whom, it was evident, he considered to be in a critical state.

It was long before he could restore suspended animation, and even then Violet did not come back to consciousness; fever followed, and she began to rave in the wildest delirium.

"It's going to be a neck-and-neck race between life and death," the doctor frankly told her friends, "and you must be vigilant and patient."

This unforseen calamity of course put an end to all gayety.

It was thought best that Nellie should at once repair to Milan, and Mrs. Hawley left two days later to see her safely and comfortably settled at her work, after which she returned to London to assist Mrs. Mencke in the care of her sister.

It was more than a month before Violet was pronounced out of danger; and then, as she was able to sit up, the physician advised a change of climate: a few weeks at Mentone, he thought, would do her good.

The poor girl looked as if a rude breath would quench what little life she had, and Mrs. Mencke, who still secretly clung to the hope of effecting an alliance between her and Lord Cameron, was anxious to do everything to build her up; consequently she immediately posted off with her invalid to that far-famed resort. She had a private interview first, however, with his lordship, from whom the real cause of Violet's illness had been kept a profound secret, and promised to send for him just as soon as her sister was able to see him.

The mild and genial atmosphere of Mentone produced a favorable change in the invalid almost immediately. Her appetite improved and with it strength and something of her natural color.

But the child was pitifully sad—heart-broken. Nothing appeared to interest her, and she seemed to live from day to day only because nature was strongest that she should.

She never spoke of Wallace, nor referred to the fact that her illness had been caused by the painful tidings of his death. She was perfectly gentle and submissive, doing whatever she was told to do, simply because it was easier than to resist, and, as she slowly but surely gained, Mrs. Mencke told herself that the way was now clear to the consummation of her ambitious hopes.

A month passed thus, and then Vane Cameron appeared upon the scene, having been summoned by an encouraging letter from Violet's sister.

(To be continued.)

Merchants' lunch, from 15c. up, served from 12 to 3 in dining-room, English Chop House.

Taken to Himself.

Miss Lovett—What a magnificent creature! I'd like to put my arms around its neck and give it good hug.

Corkey (the kennel-hand)—Barrin' Oi hov a wife an' foor childer, yez'd hov th' chance an' welkim, lady.—*Judge.*

Tea, Eh?

I am sure that a Chinese tea-box figure would weep if it could know all about the tea the American prepares and drinks. Prepares! We don't prepare it, that is the majority of us; we put it on and let it boil, softly blending the tin off the side of the pot with its own tannin, and then drink this miserable decoction which we give the misnomer, tea. I wonder that in this day, any one uses milk in tea, or prepares it any way except by infusing it light on the table, to be drunk while fresh and delicate. Americans use more tea per head than do the Chinese; but ye Chinese Tidols, how they prepare it! The country people especially, have the tin teapot on the stove, all the long, long, weary day, as the song goes, and many of the women I saw, looked more like respectable mummies than flesh and blood women, for they had so tortured their poor stomachs with the combination that produced nothing short of old boots, tannate of fibrin or leather, that their color was chocolate brown. Then too, the poor stuff, green tea, is used more by us than anywhere, and that by reason of its being cured in dirty copper pans, finally gives the stomach a fine copper lining. Now, if Camomesa tea delicately prepared is a delicious drink, but spare us from the miserable broth too often served as tea.—*Toledo Journal.*

Astonishing a Policeman.

"Some people have peculiar ideas as to the duties of a policeman," said a sergeant the other day. "A few minutes since, I was coming down a street, and I saw a nicely dressed lady carrying a child of about two months old. I should think, stop the policeman in front of me. I was near enough by this time to hear her first question, which was:

"'How often do the cars pass here, please?'

"'About every ten minutes, ma'am, was the officer's reply.

"'Dear me! I have been waiting here longer than that now,' she continued. Then, looking up at the man, she asked, with a most appealing and innocent expression: 'Would you mind staying here and holding baby until the next car comes? I am so tired.'

"When I tell you that the man in question was the oldest bachelor in the force, and had never, in the memory of man, had a baby in his arms, perhaps you can imagine the look on his face as he turned and stalked away."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

DORA.—Are you not fooling?

D. S.—Erratic, genial and vain.

QUERY, DELIGHT.—Not a staple I.eaf.

A. GRAHAM.—Ambition, self-reliance and vivacity.

J. B. MARTIN.—Energy, self-esteem, reserve and decision

ROSEMARY, St. Thomas.—Nov. 10., 1872, fell on a Sunday.

ISABEL, Flint.—Decision, tenderness, obstinacy, ambition and vanity.

MARY ANN ANDERSON.—Order, selfishness, indecision and self-esteem.

C. J. FRANK.—Willful, languid temperament, self-esteeming and candid.

JACK MAHL.—Energetic, ambitious, happy-hearted and warm-tempered.

VICTORIA REGINA.—Impulse, generosity, self-reliance, self-will and vanity.

URDINE.—Your writing shows intuitive perception, generosity, and willfulness.

REIVA.—Self-esteem, sincerity, self-reliance and prudence are indicated by your writing.

NAN, Barrie.—Your writing shows candor, impatience, a rather variable temperament and decision.

C. MARTIN and C. MARTIN.—Considerable perseverance, eccentricity, impulse, originality and self-will.

EMMA J.—Your writing shows much patience, sincerity, a little too much self-esteem and fair energy.

L. M. AND FRIENDS, Wingham.—You must write more than your autographs for character delineation.

W. J. F., Stratford.—He would not be professional unless he made a livelihood or a part of his living by it.

ZETA STANLEY, Brockville.—Your writing shows carelessness, a little vanity, mirthfulness and good-nature.

JACK.—Your writing exhibits a lack of caution, sincerity, sympathy and much tenderness and some self-will.

HAYTER BRAIN.—Sensitiveness, self-will, indecision, vanity and energy belong to your combination of characteristics.

QUEERA.—Your writing is either disguised or unformed. It shows little except perseverance, vanity and candor.

ZARIFA, Brockville.—You are doubtless very practical, fairly ambitious, energetic, prudent, self-esteeming and orderly.

TRAMP No. 1, Winnipeg.—Am glad the delicacions were correct. Your writing shows sincerity, order, ambition, decision and vanity.

FORESHORE, Brantford.—You will not, I think, find any substitute for the Pills. Your writing shows good executive ability, originality and self-will.

B. L. L.—Yes, I daresay you are curious. Don't you think the majority of people are? Your writing shows indecision, amiability, some candor and self-will.

DOT.—I'll keep "mum." "Little finger act" is the under-handed method of influencing a person over others—commonly called "winding about the finger." See.

DRAMIE.—What a graceful bit of prose that quotation is! It is a favorite of mine. Your writing shows much energy, intuitive perception, firmness and self-reliance.

SERPOLETTE.—I replied to Serpolette in issue of May 3 and very sorry I cannot answer, as I do not see it. Many thanks for the enclosed flower. Its coloring is splendid.

MANDARIN, Parkdale.—Your disposition is very careless, and your lack of ambition is much against you. You are probably a little self-willed and without light-hearted.

NEEMOONIA.—Many thanks for your kind wishes. I am pleased to see that the character delineation was prudent. This one shows mirthfulness, decision, sincerity and firmness in fine ship.

ROSE, Brantford.—The last voyage of the Great Eastern that I find mention made of is the one ending in September, 1874. Your writing shows carelessness, wit, willfulness and fair energy.

UNGRACIOUS ONE.—Indeed I was not sarcastic. My remark was made in real earnest. You mustn't do so much guessing. Your writing exhibits decision, meanitiveness, self-esteem, candor and impulse.

ALIDA.—As sorry that "next issue," which you mention, did not contain your answer. The letters are so numerous that many are left over each week. Your writing shows little vanity, much candor and good-nature, ambition and self-reliance.

DRIFT.—Your writing indicates much sensitiveness, a little selfishness and a disposition to be unobtrusive. You are doubtless energetic, but not very cheerful. The small sample enclosed shows perseverance, a practical and reserved nature and some self-esteem.

CHICK, St. Catharines.—How brave you were to write first, and how lucky I am that the whole family did not write as soon as I send me all the specimens in one envelope. Your writing shows warmth of heart, impulse, energy, order and good intuitive perception.

LILA.—Your writing shows a practical, uncontentious nature, order, self-reliance and sincerity, with an inclination to be selfish. I. No, unless he be bosom, or, in fact, a friend of your friend. When there are exceptional circumstances it is often a pretty way of warmly welcoming.

C. M., St. Thomas.—You are such a nice little account of yourself that I almost think I should know you on the street. Your wish regarding the lacrosse match was fulfilled, as you know. Your writing indicates a practical nature, considerable tenderness, impulse, willfulness, mirth and variable temperament.

LAKE LILY.—What a "sweet, dear little" letter you wrote. You brought a wonderfully happy smile to my face, and I think you are very kind and correct in your suppositions. That is candid, is it not? Will you write again whenever you think I can be of the least assistance? Your writing shows order, generosity, self-reliance, perseverance and much tenderness. Is it not so?

MARGUERITE.—Many thanks for your kindly written letter. Yes, your guess was not sorry, but do you not think this habit of "supposing" is a very bad o e? Aren't you afraid it will grow very curious? No. 1. Is that of an energetic, impulsive, warm-tempered, self-willed and sympathetic girl. No. 2 Shows reserve, caution, some self-esteem and sincerity. No. 3. Generosity, candid yet prudent and a little vain. Write again, Marguerite, if you will.

MAPLE LEAF, Guelph.—When an engagement is broken the betrothed ring and all presents and letters are old to returned. A man or woman has no right to keep any thing which will remind them of a dead love. Of course there are exceptional circumstances, but a right-minded woman would not care to retain gifts which a promised husband had given her. I think it is sacred and should not be thoughtlessly entered upon. You have the right conception of its serious nature, and I respect you for your decision. Write again if you wish. You know the old adage. Write again, if I can help you.

KEAO.—You wrote a real nice letter, Jack, and the pains you exhibited regarding the answer is worthy of special mention. Your writing shows a romantic, fun-loving nature, indecision, some carelessness and thoughtlessness, ambition and self-esteem. Perhaps I am inclined to believe a great deal that others reject as nonsense, but I am convinced that we are influenced by our mental, moral, voice, expression and even in writing. I think the hand is greatly affected by the labor it is constrained to, but I confess to a small portion of faith in phrenology.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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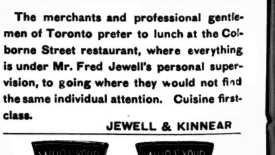

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A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XLIX.

The door had been opened to Cynthia by a strange servant. She asked if Mr. Lepel was at home—a conventionalism of which she immediately repented. Was he well enough to see anybody, at least? she added.

The girl did not know, but asked her to walk inside. Mr. Lepel was better; he was dressed every day and sat in the drawing-room; but he had not seen any visitors as yet. He was in the drawing-room now, she thought; and he was alone.

"I will go up," said Cynthia decidedly. "You need not announce me. I will go myself; he knows me very well."

The girl fell back doubtfully; but Cynthia's tone was so resolute, her air so assured, that there was nothing for it but to give way. Besides, Mrs. Vane was out, and nobody had told what was to be done in the case of visitors.

Cynthia went in very quietly. Hubert was lying on a sofa in the darkest corner of the room. The blinds were partially closed; but she could see his face, and she thought at first that he was asleep. His eyes were closed, his hands were stretched at his sides; his attitude was expressive of the utmost languor and weariness. She came a little nearer and looked at him closely. His frame was sadly wasted, and there was an expression of suffering and melancholy upon his face that touched her deeply. She drew nearer and nearer to the sofa, but he did not look up until she was almost close to him. Then he opened his eyes. She cried "Hubert!" and dropped on her knees beside him, so as to bring her face upon a level with his own. She put her arms around him and kissed his cheek.

"Oh, Hubert," she said, "I could not stay away! I love you, my darling—I love you in spite of all! Will you forgive me for being so cruel when I saw you last?"

She felt him tremble a little.

"Cynthia!" he said; and then with a sudden gesture he threw his arm around her, rested his head upon her shoulder, and burst into tears—tears of weakness in great part, but tears also of love, of penitence, of almost unbearable relief.

She held him close to her, kissing his dark head from time to time, and calling him by fond, caressing names. But for some minutes he did not seem to be able or to care to speak. She caught the work "Forgive!" once or twice between his gasps for breath; but she could distinguish nothing more.

"Darling," she said at last, "you will do yourself harm if this goes on. Be calm, and let us talk together a little time. Yes, I forgive you, if I must say so before anything else. There, there! Ah, my own love, how could I have left you so long? I was cruel and unkind!"

"No, Cynthia—no! I never thought that I should see you again," he said brokenly. "Don't leave me again—just yet."

"I will never leave you, if you like," she murmured softly.

"Never, Cynthia?"

"So long as we both do live. You know what I mean?"

"I daren't think. You don't mean that you will now—now become——"

"Your wife! Yes, if you will have me, Hubert. There is no barrier between us now."

"Your father!" he murmured, looking at her with weary wistful eyes.

"My father sent me to you to-day. No, darling, I have not told him."

"I wish to Heaven you had, Cynthia!"

"What! I betray your confidence? No, I could not do that. But he has some notion already, Hubert. He told me that he suspected you—or your sister—some time ago; and he said to me to-day that he believed that you could have cleared him if you had liked."

"And what did you say? I wish that you had found it in your heart to tell him everything you knew."

"I could not do that. But I did not deny what he had said;" and then she told him all that she remembered of her father's words.

"His generosity crushes me to the earth!" said Hubert hoarsely. "I must tell him the whole story, and let him decide."

"He has decided."

"I cannot accept that decision. Since I have been lying here, Cynthia, and since you left me, I have seen it all as it appeared in your eyes. I have wondered at my own cowardice; and I hope—I trust that I have repented of it. It is time that I did, Cynthia, for I believe that I am a dying man."

"No, no!" she cried, clinging to him passionately. "You will get better now—you must get better—for my sake!"

"I wish I could, my darling—I wish I could!"

"Why have you such gloomy thoughts? You are depressed; you have wanted me. I shall soon make you well. I shall take you away from England to some warm bright country where you will have nothing to do but be happy and grow quite strong; and I will take care of you, and make up to you if I can for everything that you have lost."

"Yes, if one had not a conscience," said Hubert, with a faint sad smile, "one could be very happy, could one not? But you forget; you told me before that I must make amends. My darling, there is only one course open to me now."

"Hubert!" She knew by instinct what course he meant to take.

"We are going to have the whole truth told now," he went on softly. "And what a relief it will be! My God, I wonder that I could bear the burden so long! For I have suffered, Cynthia, though not as your father has. I am going now to tell the truth and bear the penalty; there is no other way."

"There cannot be much of a legal penalty," said Cynthia, trying to speak bravely. "It was a duel."

"Manslaughter, I suppose. It will depend a good deal on public feeling what the punishment will be; and public feeling will—very rightly—be against me. My poor brother-man be condemned to death when I could have cleared him with a word! I think, Cynthia, that the mob will tear me to pieces if they can get hold of me!"

"They will not get hold of you. And, if the public knows that it was all for your sister's sake——"

"I want to save Flossy, Cynthia. I think I can shield her still."

"I do not think that my father will shield her, Hubert. He knows."

"She must be shielded, if possible, dear, for the old general's sake. What a fool I was not to prevent that marriage! Well, it can't be helped now. But one thing I can do—I can exonerate your father, and confess that I shot Sydney Vane, without a word about my sister. That must be so, Cynthia. And your father must be silent."

"You will deprive yourself of your one excuse," said Cynthia, quietly.

"I know. I cannot help it. I must stand forth to the world as a brutal murderer—as once your father did, my Cynthia. It is only just and right. They must sentence me as they please. But it will not be for long; I shall probably not come out of prison. But if I do——"

Cynthia burst into tears.

"I can't bear this—I can't bear it!" she cried. "My father is right—he has got over the worst of it and outlived all that was hard. It would be terrible for you! How could you bear it—and how could I?"

"You could bear it if you thought it brought me happiness, could you not? I know I am selfish, Cynthia."

"No, no—you are anything but selfish! Oh, darling, live for me a little if you will not for yourself! Father asks you to do that as well as I. You will make us suffer if you suffer—and I cannot bear to part from you again! If you love me, Hubert, say nothing—for my father's sake and mine."

It was a strange plea. And, while Hubert listened and strove to calm her, there came a new and unwonted sound upon the stairs—the sound of a struggle, of trampling feet, of angry voice—of a woman's shriek and a man's stifled curse. Cynthia sprang to her feet.

"I hear my father's voice!" she said. "What can that mean?"

. . . . . .

There had been another visitor that afternoon to Hubert's lodgings in Hirsell square. Sabina Meldreth had presented herself at three o'clock, and had inquired for Mrs. Vane. She was told that Mrs. Vane had gone out, and was not likely to be back until six or half-past six o'clock.

"And then the general's coming with her," Jenkins had informed her, "and they're to dine together, because it's the first time the master has stayed up to dinner since he was taken ill."

"Oh, that'll do very well for me!" said Sabina sullenly. "I shall see the whole lot of them then, I suppose. I'll wait!"—and she planted herself on one of the wooden chairs in the hall.

"Won't you come down-stairs?" said Jenkins. "My missus is there."

"No, I won't. I want to see Mrs. Vane; and perhaps she'll get away or refuse to see me if I am downstairs. Sitting here, she can't escape so easy. I want Mrs. Vane."

"You seem to have got a grudge against her," he observed. "Didn't she pay you properly?"

"No, she didn't—not that it's any business of yours," Sabina remarked.

And, after that speech, Jenkins retired with dignity, feeling that he was not his part to converse any longer with a woman who chose to be so very impolite to him.

"She looks very queer!" he observed to his wife downstairs. "She's in black, and her eyes are red as if she'd been crying, and her face as white as death. I think she looks as if she was going out of her mind."

Whereupon Mrs. Jenkins herself went upstairs to inspect the dangerous Sabina, but came down with the report that "she looked quiet enough." And so the afternoon went on—and still Mrs. Vane did not arrive. But Cynthia did.

When Sabina heard Miss West's voice speaking to the maid at the door, she gave a violent start. Then she rose and went cautiously into a little room which opened off the hall, and stood behind the door, so that Cynthia could not see her. As soon as Cynthia had gone upstairs, Sabina dashed out into the hall again and inspected the square through the panes of glass at the side of the hall door.

"I'ev him, sure enough," she said to herself, "and his daughter's gone upstairs! Well, they are bold as brass, the pair of them! They didn't ought to be allowed to escape, I'm sure; but I don't know what to do. I wish Mrs. Vane would come home, and the general too. They'd take care he was nabbed fast enough! And here they come!"

For at that moment Miss Vane's carriage drove up to the door, and out of it came its owner, as well as Mrs. Vane and the general. Sabina opened the door before the man had had time to knock. And no sooner had Mrs. Vane entered than she was confronted by Sabina.

"What do you want here?" she asked.

Sabina had, as Flossy expected, come with demands that would not perhaps have been easy to satisfy; but all her plans were swept away by the appearance of Westwood in the square. Sabina did not attempt to stand on ceremony.

"For goodness sake, ma'am, don't go upstairs nor let them go just yet!" she said hurriedly. "There's the police of West wood in the square—and his daughter's just gone up to Mr. Lepel. I knew him by sight perfectly. If you want him to be arrested, ma'am, you could get it done now easily."

"What's that?" said old Miss Vane, stepping back with her hand her ear. "Why, what are you looking so pale, Flossy? What's all this about?"

Flossy looked at her husband and then looked at Sabina. She would have given anything to stop Sabina's tongue. For the general had never yet been made aware of one-half of her manœuvres, and she did not think that he even knew that Westwood was alive. The whole thing would probably excite him terribly; and there was a certain unsigned document in the general's bureau at home about which Flossy was particularly anxious. She had not wanted him to hear too much about Westwood's fate.

But there was no help for it now. He came forward with his sister, wanting to know what all the disturbance was about, and questioning first one and then another in turn. Sabina was most voluble; but, acting on a hint from Mrs. Vane, she did not at once say how she came to recognize the man. The general flew into a rage, as Flossy had expected him to do, and wanted to go out and lay hands on his brother's murderer. With great difficulty his wife and sister persuaded him to listen to reason. The footman was dispatched for the police, and Jenkins was despatched to accost the man and bring him to the house. In this last piece of business Flossy took the lead. She had a notion that Jenkins was in Cynthia's confidence, and would not do what was required of him if he knew its purpose; and for that reason she coolly gave him a message from Hubert and Cynthia. Neither the general nor Miss Vane heard it or perhaps they would not have allowed it to be sent; but it certainly effected all that they desired. Quietly and unsuspiciously Westwood came stepping across the square in Jenkins' wake; and just as quietly he was taken up the stairs and shown into a little sitting-room, where it had been decreed that he should be delayed until the police could arrive.

But Westwood was not altogether at his ease. He was surprised that neither Cynthia nor Lepel was there to meet him—surprised to find himself alone in a bare little room for five or ten minutes at the very least. At last he tried the door. It was locked. And then the truth flashed across his mind—he had been recognized—he had been entrapped. Perhaps even Cynthia and Hubert Lepel were in the plot. They had perhaps agreed to let him caught and sent back to Portland, to die like a wild beast in a cage.

"There will be murder done first!" said Westwood, half to himself and half to a weapon. "Let's see which is the strongest—Hubert Lepel or me. And now for the door! The window is too high."

He had found a poker, and he dealt one crashing blow at the lock of the door. It was not strong, and it yielded to the assaulting weapon. There was a shriek from some one on the stairs—the rush of two men from the hall. The general and a servant were instantly upon him, or rather upon Flossy. Cynthia's arms were around his neck, her hand upon his arm.

"Father, don't strike! You will kill somebody!" she cried.

"And what do I care? Is it you that have given me up! Do you want me to die like a rat in a hole!" the man cried, trying to shake her off.

But the men were at his side—resistance was useless—the door was at the mercy of bailiffs and the police, and there was no way of escape.

"The police will be here directly—keep him till they come!" cried the general at the top of his voice. "I shall give him in charge! He is the murderer Westwood, the man who killed my brother, Sydney Vane, and afterwards escaped from Portland Prison, where he was undergoing a life sentence! I remember the man perfectly. Sabina Meldreth, you can identify him!"

"Oh, yes, I can identify him!" said Sabina, curtly. "He's Miss West's father, anyway—and we all know who that was. We heard her call him father, just now, her very self."

The servants tightened their grasp on the man's arm. But at that moment an interruption occurred. The drawing-room door was flung open, and Hubert Lepel, ghastly pale and staggering a little as he moved, appeared upon the scene.

"This must go no further," he said. "Keep the police away, and let this man go. He is not Sydney Vane's murderer."

"Don't interfere, sir!" shouted the general from the stairs. "This is Westwood, the man who escaped from Portland—and back to Portland he shall go!"

"It is Westwood, I know," said Hubert, supporting himself against the door-post, and looking down calmly upon the tumult below; "but Westwood was not a murderer. General, you have been mistaken all this time. I wish to make a statement of the truth—I was I who killed Sydney Vane! Now do what you like!"

(To be continued.)

Six o'clock dinner, (Table d'Hote), at English Chop House.

A Paraphrased Order.

Toothless Guest—If you've got some extremely tender steak, you may bring me some.

Hardened Waiter—Slab 'f yearling fer a gummer!—*Judge.*

A Sweet But Awful Liar.

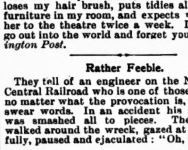
A Yankee officer was bragging about the crack shots in his corps.

"Oh, that's nothin' to the way we shoot," said another. "I belonged to a company of a hundred men, and every week we used to go out to practice. The cap'n would draw us up in single file, and set a cider barrel rollin' down hill. Each man took a shot at the bung-hole as it turned up. The barrel was then examined, and if there was a shot found that didn't go into the bung-hole, the man that fired it was expelled. I've belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

Women as Conversationists.

Talking to women is a more difficult task than talking to men, declares the *Illustrated American.* The majority of women are necessarily more vapid then men, because they are not even supposed to take any interest in most of the things which make the material of good conversation. With a man, one always has the common ground of the newspaper. The dullest of men can generally get fairly hold of the one idea set forth in a leading article, and this gives him a sort of impetus. Women, however, do not get so much as this. And in consequence of the conventional restraint put upon their ideas and chances of acquiring ideas, they do not catch more than half the allusions in which, as distinguished from clever, crate conversation, good talk always abounds. The allusions have to be explained, with the same effect as decanting soda water.

Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.



Lawyer Which—Well, O'Flaherty, have you told me all the facts, without elaboration, exaggeration, or equivocation? I want to save you if I can.

O'Flaherty—Ol have, yer honor. Ol've told how I shot a man, an' not a wurrud av a lie. Dhere's no affidavy; so ye can put in de lies, sorr, to shoot yerself. Ye onnerstan that paint bether nor I do, onny day.—*Puck.*

No More Sisters.

"I will be a sister to you," she said.

"No," he replied sadly; "I've got one sister, who wears my neckties, borrows car fares, loses my hair brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theatre twice a week. I think I'll go out into the world and forget you."—*Washington Post.*

Rather Feeble.

They tell of an engineer on the New Jersey Central Railroad who is one of those men who, no matter what the provocation is, never use swear words. In an accident his locomotive was smashed all to pieces. The engineer walked around the wreck, gazed at it, mournfully, paused and ejaculated: "Oh, fiddle!"

No Poetry in Him.

"Ah, love!" she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, "ah, dearest, why do the summer roses fade?"

He happened to be a young chemist of a practical turn of mind, and replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

The Secret of the Necklace.

There is a young woman in an Eastern town who has worn about her white throat, during the past season, a very handsome diamond necklace set with thirteen single stones of considerable value. As the parents of the young woman were not persons of wealth, the ornament naturally was the occasion of considerable speculation among her women friends. Finally one young woman, more privileged or more audacious than the rest, remarked on the beauty of the necklace, and asked how she came to have it. With charming frankness, she replied: "Of course it is a very valuable thing, but really its chief value is in its associations. Each one of these stones has a separate and sweet memory for me. You see, it's a composite, and it is made out of the diamond engagement rings that I have worn at different times. There were thirteen of them, and naturally I couldn't go on wearing them, and as I didn't return them for fear of wounding the feelings of the men, I just had them all set together in a necklace. And now I can wear them all at once comfortably, and besides you see how handsome an ornament I have."

Courtesy to Women as a National Characteristic.

Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians, with their various race peculiarities, are, as a rule, very agreeable men to encounter in society; but they have literally no appreciation of that uncompromising chivalry which is the boast of the Saxon race. With a man of the Latin race a spade may be called almost anything but a spade, and he takes it for granted that if he calls it a moonbeam you know perfectly well that it isn't one, and that to call it so is "only his fun." With a man of this blood, his first obligation towards a woman is to make himself agreeable, to put them into good humor, and to say the sort of things they like to hear.

In New York the gentleman sends or carries French candies to the lady he wishes to please; the Frenchman does the same thing with a difference, for the sweetmeats he offers are verbal, and rather understood than seen, and he is as much surprised at being mistaken stood as the first man would be if the recipient of the candies should indignantly declare that he had offered to maintain her.

The Spaniard tells a guest that his house, his horse, his hereditary jewels are yours and yours alone; but the few persons who have tried to take him at his word have seen cause to deeply regret their credulity. The cavalier who makes a morning call or writes a note of inquiry after the ball, declares that he "kisses the feet" of the lady he addresses; but if she held out a foot to accept the proffered salute, he would retreat in alarm, thinking she had gone mad or wished to insult him.

In the same spirit he tells nearly every young and good-looking woman he sees that he could not sleep last night for thinking of her, that if he had met her earlier in his life he should have been a different man, that if she is so unkind and cold towards him he shall be driven to desperate courses, that when she is present other women fade into insignificance, that he does not know whether the prima donna is singing well or ill, because his attention is fixed on her eyebrow, or her waist, or her ear, etc.

Origin of a Familiar Line.

The well-known expression, "footprints on the sands of time," the origin of which is usually attributed to Longfellow, was probably suggested by a letter of the first Napoleon to his Minister of the Interior, respecting the penal laws. "It is melancholy," he says, "to see time passing away without being put to its full value. Surely, Lavallette, this letter should endeavor to do something, that we may say that we have lived, that we have not lived in vain, that we may leave some impress of our lives on the sands of time."

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She Stood By Him.

"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?"

"Yes. She stood up for you at dinner."

"Stood up for me? Was anybody saying anything against me?"

"No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather an ass, but sis got up and said you wasn't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

Tit for Tat.

Miss Vasser—Don't you think Miss Springlove is a charming poetess?

Uncle Solomon—Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess, and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming painteress, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculpteress, and her mother used to be an excellent dishwasheress, and——. —*Life.*

Bosom Friends.

Clara—Your mother is trying to prevent your marriage with Mr. Castaway, is she not?

Ethel—Ye—s.

Clara—Why in the world does she do that?

Ethel—To make his mother believe that the match is a desirable one.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you, he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you again," he said. "Now, while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you happen to have. Lively, now, Jim."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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TORONTO
GRAND
SUMMER CARNIVAL
June 30, July 1, 2, & 3
1890 1890
THE QUEEN CITY
IN HOLIDAY GARB
FOUR DAYS OF SOLID ENJOYMENT
At 8 o'clock Monday evening, June 30, the CARNIVAL will be formally opened by a PROMENADE CONCERT on Jarvis Street, a superb avenue one mile and a quarter long, which will be brilliantly illuminated from end to end
Twelve Champion Bands of the Dominion and the Swiss Bell Ringers will Supply the Music
ON THE
NATIONAL HOLIDAY, JULY 1
There will be a
GRAND MILITARY PROCESSION
Leaving the CITY HALL about 11.30 a.m. Four thousand of Canada's Choicest Citizen Soldiers in line. Thousands of members of National and Uniformed Societies will also march to the Exhibition Park. During the afternoon
1,500 TRAINED SCHOOL CHILDREN
Will sing National and Patriotic Melodies in the Crystal Palace. There will be also Tugs-of-War between the Military. Lacrosse playing and superb programme of music at the Park by
Six of the Crack Bands Massed
IN THE EVENING
There will be Magnificent Pyrotechnic Displays in Exhibition Park, Queen's Park and Riverdale Park.
ON
Wednesday, July 2
THE
Royal Canadian and Queen City Yacht Clubs
Have issued a grand programme, which will be carried out under the auspices of the Lake Ontario Yachting Association. There will also be
FOUR-OARED DOUBLE SCULL, and SINGLE-SCULL RACES
Under the management of the various Boating Clubs of the city.
CANOE CONTESTS
Will also take place under the control of the different Canoe Clubs.
IN THE EVENING
The Bay and Harbor will be illuminated, hundreds of Yachts and all the shipping in the Harbor will be lit up, and several hundred Canoes, brilliantly illuminated, will processionise through the Harbor.
FIRE TOWERS
Will flash their radiance from end to end of the Island, and from huge floats in the center of the Bay there will be a
Gorgeous Display of Fireworks
The whole concluding with a grandly realistic representation of a
GREAT NAVAL BATTLE
ON
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 3
THE
FIREMEN IN GALA COSTUME
Will rally from all parts of Canada, and escorted by the TORONTO FIRE BRIGADE, march from a center point to the EXHIBITION PARK, where, during the afternoon a
GRAND
Firemen's Tournament
Will be held for handsome cash prizes.
IN THE EVENING
THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION
Will be the great feature. It will be one of the most Superb Street Displays ever witnessed in America. An Electric Car and Several Superb Floral Chariots will be amongst its attractive features. There will also be an immense parade by
HUNDREDS OF WHEELMEN
Who, at night, will take a prominent part in the procession.
Cheap excursion rates have been arranged from all points in the Eastern and Western States and from all over Canada to Toronto during the Carnival Week.
SPECIAL RATES much below single fare have been already announced from MONTREAL, QUEBEC, BUFFALO, ROCHESTER and DETROIT. Equally low transportation has been arranged with all Steamboats on Lake Ontario coming to this port.
HON. J. B. ROBINSON, Ex-Lieut.-Gov. of Ontario, Chairman of Executive Committee.
E. F. CLARKE, ESQ., Mayor of Toronto, Treasurer.
E. KING DODDS, Chairman of Carnival Committee.

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Twenty-four gross of Chinese Lanterns have come in this week, and flags for all. Most popular prices. You can decorate handsomely for but little money at our prices. The best Paraffine Candles for Lanterns at one half usual cost. Our Bargain Tables are more than usually attractive. Shawl Straps 10c., worth 20c.; 15c., worth 25c. A line of Glassware—Covered Berry Dishes 11c., worth 25c. An assortment of Sponges, from 2c. for one worth 5c. up, on the same percentage. We have the newest Folding Tables for camping parties, $1.24 and $1.48 each, and all supplies. Look over our Catalogue for prices—sent free on application. A large purchase of Wire Dish Covers, both round and oval. Prices of round, 48c. for set of 5. Come and see us and you will come again.
W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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SALE OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES
Mr. J. J. DILLON, of London and Liverpool, Eng., and 215 Church Street, Toronto, has received directly from the Studios of the respective artists, ex. s.s. Aurania, the most valuable and important consignment of
Pictures Chiefly by British Artists
he has yet had the pleasure of presenting in this city. The character of this choice importation is sufficiently guaranteed by the names of the following artists, who do not allow their work into inferior collections:
C. KINNAIRD, G. KNIGHT, G. HODGSON, H. SCHAPIR, W. H. DAVIS, S. S. CARR, J. J. BARKER, A. HULK, Jr., G. B. YARNOLD, W. R. DOMMERSON, M. GILBERT, L. OARLOW, R. CAPEL, H. WINSTANLEY, Etc., Etc., P. KRAEMAR, G. VAMBRAY, H. THORNLEY, FRANCIS
Thursday, 26th June, 1890
Commencing at 2.30, in THE MART, 57 King St. East, and have pleasure in inviting special attention to this important collection, which will be ON EXHIBITION on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25. Catalogues ready.
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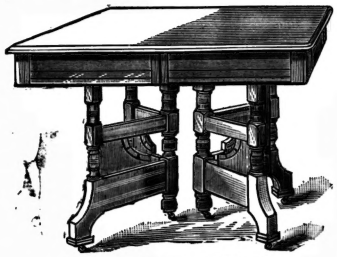
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A quantity of 3-Leaf Hardwood Pedestal Extension Tables, same as above cut, for
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These tables are well made, well finished, and without exception the best value in the Dominion. We have also several $16.50 Bedroom Sets, which we shall sell at
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And about Fifty $25 Bedroom Sets to be cleared at
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Cheapest House in the city for Stoves and Ranges, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Furniture Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Lamps, Pictures, Silverware and General House Furnishings.
We are the only firm in the Dominion that marks all goods in plain figures, advertise prices and give credit without interest or extra charge.
The C. F. Adams Home-Furnishing House
177 Yonge Street, 4 Doors North of Queen

GRAND JUNE CLEARING SALE
AT
M'KEOWN & COMPANY'S
Imperative Reductions of Stock Necessitate Large Reductions in Prices.
A golden opportunity is presented the ladies of Toronto to purchase first-class Dry Goods for little money.
Silks and Dress Goods clearing out about half prices. Unprecedented values in Prints, Sateens and Wash Dress Goods.
The Ladies' and Children's Muslin Underwear Department
We are clearing out our stock of Ladies' and Children's Muslin Underwear at immense reductions.
Ladies' Tucked Drawers, from 20c. up.
Ladies' Chemises with Lace and Embroidery, from 20c. up.
Night Dresses with Tucked Yoke and Embroidery for 50c., 75c., $1 up.
Corset Covers, from 20c. up.
Children's White Underwear in all sizes at about half price.
Special Sale of Embroideries
We are closing out about 1,000 cards of Embroidery in Edgings and Insertions at 2c., 3c., 4c. and 5c. a yard.
Lovely Dress Embroideries of full skirt length, selling for 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c., $1, $1.10 and $1.25. These goods are only about half regular prices.
Immense Bargains in Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, &c.
McKEOWN & COMPANY, 182 Yonge Street

Somebody's Boy.

As we were falling back upon Malvern Hill, in the peninsular campaign, the rear-guard fighting back the confederate advance, our brigade was wheeled to the left and another to the right to cover the narrow highway and give the wounded and the stragglers an opportunity to close up. Across the fields, which were broken and wooded, advanced the enemy's skirmishers, followed by a double line of battle. We checked them with a volley but re-formed and charged with a cheer. I could see their faces very plainly under the smoke, and as they rushed forward I noticed that the man directly in front of me was not a man, but a stripling of a boy. He didn't look to be more than 15 years old, and his face was white and scared. I had a dead-rest with my musket, and this boy was coming straight upon me. Had he been a man I should have killed him. I could have hit him with my eyes shut. When I saw that it was a boy I couldn't fire upon him. I covered him once, but his scared face turned my gun away.

We let them come charging up until some of the more impetuous were almost over us, and then there was an awful crash of musketry—a great billow of flame—a thousand cries and curses. The flame of death had licked up their lines. I was looking for the boy as the smoke lifted. He stood, musket in hand, looking about him as if paralyzed. Every man had gone down for ten feet either side of him. As our cheers burst forth the boy faced about with the remnant of the line and retreated to cover. I rejoiced over his escape and I hoped that if another charge was made he would not be with them.

Half an hour passed and now we were the rear guard—a brigade holding the narrow road. We saw the enemy massing for another charge and again we made ready to receive them. As they came forward I saw the same white-faced boy, this time a little to the left of me.

"Don't shoot that boy!" I called to the men beyond me.

The third man on the left was in line with the boy. He looked at me with a sardonic smile and then he rested his musket and covered the boy to kill him when the word came to fire. An enemy was an enemy to him whether man or boy. He was there to kill. I held my breath as the double line again advanced. A little closer and they fired a volley and then charged. They sought our death—they were following us to destroy—they had no mercy. And yet, as I fired into the smoke, knowing that my bullet must find a human target, I was consoled by the reflection that I was not shooting at the boy—at somebody's boy. If he was killed it would be by the man on my left, he must answer for it.

The enemy could not budge us. They couldn't touch our flanks, and a charge in front was simply slaughter. Our volleys broke their lines—decimated them—threw them into confusion—and they were breasted back again. I sprang to my feet and looked for the boy. The powder-smoke swirled about—dove down—lifted up—floated away among the tree tops, and my heart bounded as I saw Somebody's Boy again. He stood with two comrades—the remnant, perhaps, of his whole company. Just as I got a glimpse of him the three turned to obey the call to retreat, and I swung my cap and cheered. Our whole line was cheering—the others because they had again repulsed the enemy—I because Somebody's Boy had again escaped.

And when I looked along our line to the left, wondering how the man with the grim face and murderous heart had missed his target, I saw him lying dead on the ground—stone dead. A bullet had struck him fair in the forehead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Quite Capable.

"Are you sure you are strong enough for my work?"

"Oh, yes, sir, you may be sure as to that. Why, the last man I worked for was bigger than you, and I knocked him down and broke three of his ribs with one blow."

It Seldom Fails.

Housewife—Now what do you want?

Peddler—I have here a soap for removing stains from paint, carpets, furniture, and—but, really, I don't think you need it, for there isn't a stain on your paint nor your hall carpet, and if your furniture within is as spick and span—which no doubt it is—as everything appears here, I have come to the wrong house. Good mor——

Housewife (pleasantly)—Never mind. You may let me have half-a-dozen cakes. I dare say it will come in handy some day.—*Boston Courier.*

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office, 4 King Street East.
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Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

McWHINNEY—At Galt, on June 15, Mrs. W. A. McWhinney—a son.

SAUNDERS—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. Dyce W. Saunders—a daughter.

THURSTON—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. W. G. Thurston—a daughter.

TROTTER—At Toronto, on June 16, Mrs. T. Trotter—a son.

BOYD—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. W. T. Boyd—a son.

RYRIE—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. James Ryrie—a son.

BARTLE—At Kingsville, Ont., on June 6, Mrs. J. C. Bartle—a son.

CLARK—At Toronto, on June 16, Mrs. A. Russell Clark—a son.

WILSON—At Edmonton, Alberta, N. W. T., on June 1, Mrs. H. C. Wilson—a daughter.

SMITH—At Barrie, on June 15, Mrs. F. M. Smith—a daughter.

HAYES—At Toronto, on June 10, Mrs. R. Hayes—a daughter.

MULCAHY—At Orillia, on June 12, Mrs. Thomas Mulcahy—a son.

HAY—At Cobourg, on June 9, Mrs. J. Hay—a daughter.

ALISON—At Windsor, on June 10, Mrs. C. W. Alison—a son.

LAKE—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. John M. Lake—a daughter.

MACRAE—At Toronto, on June 14, Mrs. Evelyn Macrae—a daughter.

SIMS—At Toronto, on June 12, Mrs. Frederick L. H. Sims—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—CHRISTIAN—At Oil City, on June 11, Rev. J. A. Macdonald to Grace L. Christian.

McKINNON—YANKOUGHNET—At Toronto, on June 12, George McKinnon of Montreal to Emily Maude Van Koughnet.

ROBINSON—HUBBELL—At Kingston, Hubert Robinson of Toronto to Florence Maude Hubbell.

ROBINSON—McKIM—At Guelph, on June 12, W. B. Robinson, B.A., to Margie McKim.

WATSON—CURRIE—At Toronto, James P. Watson to Jane Graeme Currie.

McBRIDE—WHITCOMBE—At Toronto, on June 11, S. McBride to Fannie Whitcombe.

ELLIOTT—ADAMS—At Toronto, on June 12, Dr. Sydney Barrington Elliott of Louisville, Kentucky, to Flora McDonnell Adams.

DUNCAN—JOHNSTONE—At Hamilton, on June 11, William E. Duncan to Aggie Johnstone.

COATS—TINDALE—At Bolton, on June 11, George Coats to Agnes Tindale.

COOK—HARRIS—At Brantford, on June 11, Christopher Cook to Mabel Harris.

TORRANCE—PARSONS—At Toronto, on June 10, Arthur L. Torrance to Emily R. Parsons of Cleveland, O.

GOSS—ROSS—At Toronto, on June 12, Harry Goss to Alice Cross.

ATKINSON—RITCHIE—At Amherstburg, on June 10, Arthur Atkinson of Winnipeg to Helen B. Ritchie.

ROBARTS—HALL—At Toronto, on June 11, Ernest Conclife Robarts to Isabella Cornelia Hall of Gloucestershire, England.

MUNTZ—LIGHTBOURN—At Toronto, on June 12, Rupert G. Muntz to Marion C. Lightbourn.

LEE—PATON—At Hamilton, on June 12, Lyman Lee to Georgie Patton.

BILLINGSLEY—ISAAC—At Toronto, on June 3, Harry George Billingsley to Mira Louisa Isaac.

SLANN—KINSEY—At Walkerton, on June 16, Edgar Harold Slann of Toronto to Majorie Vaughan Kinsey.

LAWRENCE—BLAKESLEY—At Toronto, Robert M. Lawrence to Minnie Florence Blakesley of Bradford, Ont.

PRICE—BLACK—At St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, on June 15, by Rev. J. R. Mullin, W. J. Price to Helen Black.

CORDINGLEY—WAKEFIELD—At West Toronto Junction, on June 18, Arthur B. Cordingley to Mary Kate Wakefield.

EASTMURE—IRELAND—At Toronto, on June 18, Arthur Lionel Eastmure to Lydia Hoyle Ireland.

LATIMER—SCOTT—At Toronto, on June 17, Ignatius Latimer to Jennie Scott.

MURPHY—LYON—At Toronto, on June 18, A. R. Murphy to Fannie Lyon.

SUTCLIFFE—ELLIOTT—At Brampton, on June 17, Frederick W. Sutcliffe to Annie Elliott.

ALLISON—CRANDALL—At Picton, on June 18, M. R. Allison, B.A. to Carrie B. Crandall.

IRWIN—WARREN—At Oshawa, on June 18, Charles W. Irwin to Anna Warren.

DEWAR—CRONK—At Pickering, on June 17, M. C. Dewar, M.D., of Chippawa, to Phebe Jane Cronk.

SKAITH—BRIGHT—At Toronto, on June 18, J. M. Skaith to Carrie Bright.

MILLAR—THOMPSON—At Brantford, on June 17, James E. Millar to Florence Thompson.

Deaths.

BARTER—On June 11, John Wakeham Barter, aged 86 years.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on June 13, William J. Campbell, aged 31 years.

STEWART—At Palmerston, on June 13, Gladys Stewart, aged 1 year.

PATTULLO—At Orangeville, on June 13, James Pattullo, aged 83 years.

GARRIE—At Byers, Colorado, on June 8, George Russell Garbick, aged 44 years.

DEVANEY—At Toronto, infant son of J. A. and Katie Devaney.

ROY—At Toronto, on June 14, W. G. Roy, aged 19 years.

BRODIE—At Edinburgh, on June 17, Mrs. Jessie Brodie.

MURRAY—At Boston, Mass., on June 9, George Y. Gilbert Murray, aged 17 years.

GEMMEL—At Dundas, on June 17, Alexander Gemmel, aged 58 years.

GILMOR—At Toronto, on June 17, Caroline Harriet Gilmor.

PERRE—At Toronto, on June 17, Henry Perre, aged 66 years.

ASHFIELD—At Toronto, James Ashfield, aged 81 years.

CALHOUN—At Sunderland, on June 10, William Calhoun, aged 18 years.

GRANDFIELD—At Toronto, on June 13, John Grandfield, aged 24 years.

ALLEN—At Toronto, on June 12, John Allen, aged 80 years.

HOPE—At Hamilton, on June 16, Charles James Hope, aged 73 years.

LEWIS—At Oakville, on June 15, Julian C. Lewis, aged 40 years.

MAIRS—At Markham, on June 9, Edward Goldwin Cyril Mairs, aged 5 years.

CUMMING—At Toronto, Marian Cumming.

McCANN—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. Ellen McCann, aged 82 years.

KENNEDY—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. Michael Kennedy, aged 19 years.

BARBER—At Toronto, on June 18, Robert Barber, aged 71 years.

HUTON—At Hamilton, on June 18, Charles Huton.

SCOTT—At Toronto, on June 18, John Lynch Scott, aged 50 years.

WANLESS—Accidentally killed on the Canadian Pacific Railway, June 17, John Wanless, jr.

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ALL NEW GOODS NOW IN STOCK
Special Lines, Heavy Wiltons, $1.57, worth $1.75. Best 5-frame Brussels, $1, worth $1.25. Good Brussels, 90c., worth $1.10. Best 10-Wire Tapestry, 65c., worth 85. Choice patterns in Tapestry, new colorings, only 50c.
Art Squares, 2 and 3 ply Kidder Carpet.
Oilcloths, Linoleums, Smyrna Rugs, Door Mats, China Mattings, etc.
CURTAIN STOCK
Full Lines of Swiss, Antique, Irish Point, Velours and all the Newest styles. Art Muslins, Crepes, Corrigas, in all the new Art Shades.
A special line of Heavy Portiere Curtains reduced from $9 to $6; still lower, $6 to $4; Choice Curtains at $2, $2.50 and $3.50 per pair.
Window Shades to order, all styles. Art Screens, Poles, etc.
Special attention given to Art Draperies.
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LADIES' SUMMER HOSIERY
AND
UNDERWEAR
Baltonian Vests in Ladies' and Misses' sizes, at 12½c. each, worth 25c.
Ladies' Baltonian Vests, short sleeves, full fashioned and shaped, at 25c. and 35c.
A Novelty in Ladies' Vests, with broad colored stripe, at 65c. each.
Natural Wool Vests, H. N. S. S., at 90c., worth $1.25; extra quality at $1.10, worth $1.50.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 3 pairs for 50c.; extra quality, full fashioned, double heel and toes, 3 pairs for 60c.
Ladies' and Misses Black Cotton Hose, at 17c., 20c., 25c.; extra quality and warranted stainless, 3 pairs for $1.
Ladies' Fine Cashmere Hose, light weight, for summer wear, only 25c. per pair.
Gent's Hosiery, Underwear, Collars and Cuffs, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, &c., at wholesale prices at
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SPECIAL SALE
Having purchased a Manufacturer's stock of these goods at 75c. on the dollar, we will for the balance of the month offer a special discount of 25 per cent. off our regular prices. These goods range in price from $2.50 to $12 and are certainly the cheapest rubber goods ever offered in the city
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